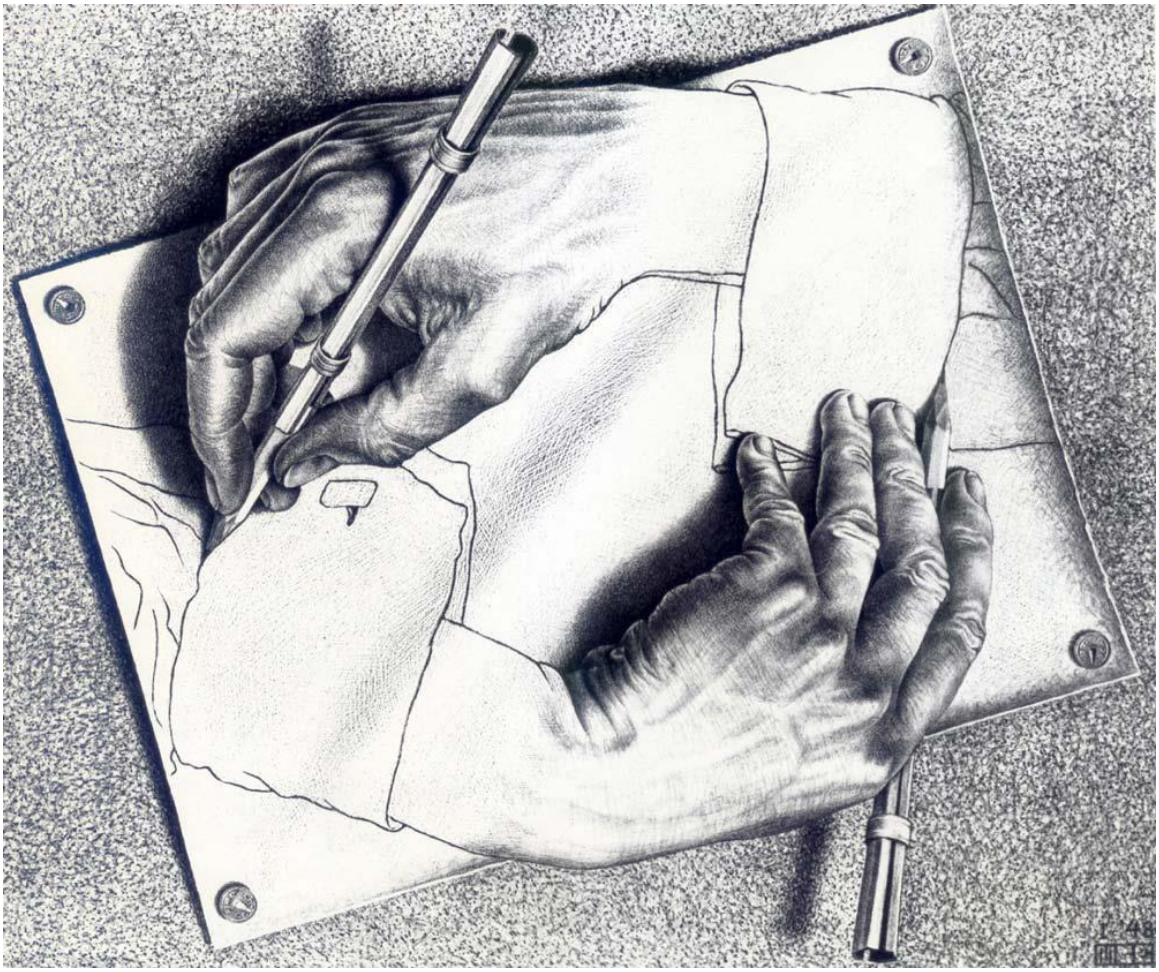
Pen & Pencil Magazine



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If you have a submission for the **Pen & Pencil Magazine** feel free to contact the Editor in Chief at

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Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
… In Flanders fields.

John McCrae, In Flanders Fields

Pen & Pencil Welcomes Submissions

Obelisk Press of Vancouver is pleased to publish the Eighteenth edition of ***Pen & Pencil Magazine*** which serves to feature the work of aspiring writers.

Pen & Pencil Magazine welcomes submissions on a quarterly basis.

The ***Pen & Pencil Magazine*** board is comprised of the unpaid volunteers: Please feel free to send your short story, prose, poetry and artwork submissions to the Editor in Chief at

pbruskiewich @ gmail.com.

There is no fee to submit. There is no writer's fee provided by the journal for those who submit. The publishing rights remain with the writer.

New Prose

A Surefire way to end Russian Incursions into NATO Airspace

Russian Air Force Mig-31

The average Russian pilot earns less in a year than a taxis driver does in Paris in a few months. Imagine that! The average Russian right now is dirt poor because of Putin and his malfeasance.

Presently there are Russian pilots who are ordered to undertake '*a wrongful order …*' to fly towards and enter into N.A.T.O. Airspace. This has been done recently so often that some N.A.T.O. countries have evoked Article 4.

I am an old naval reserve officer with the Royal Canadian Navy. I lend wise counsel from time to time to N.A.T.O. Here is some advice I would like to give to the Secretary General of N.A.T.O.

If the Russian pilots in their Mig-31's want to fly West into N.A.T.O. airspace … don't shoot them down … just offer the Russian pilots a $ 20 million

bounty for landing their aircraft and defecting to a country like Switzerland, Sweden or Finland.

Then take the plane apart to learn its secrets and afterwards return in as a fully disassembled pile of junk by flying over Kaliningrad. And tossing it out the back of a transport aircraft. You might want to take apart the ordinance and dispose of it.

N.A.T.O. might broadcast this $ 20 million offer twenty four hours a day on a radio band of your choosing and at Radio Free Europe. I suspect the overflights may soon wind down or even cease.

The phrase the defecting Russian pilots can say to announce they want to defect is 'I am here to meet King Charles III!' Odds are His Majesty would find the time to invite them for tea and offer them a new home somewhere in the Commonwealth.

{First published at ***Medium*** by Patrick Bruskiewich}

Mom Do I Have To … by Ani

"Mom, do I have to?" I asked her.

"Open your eyes dear," she answered.

"Mom, I don't want to!" My voice quivered as I whispered to her.

Here we were standing before Michelangelo's David in his full glory. I was only seven at the time and well I didn't want to see his … '*full glory*.'

My mother tried to comfort me by linking this moment to something more intimate. "Remember when you helped bath him and watched me breast feed your little brother …"

"Yes … but this is not the same thing." I pushed back.

"How is this different?" she whispered.

"Well he's a baby and David is not … is he?"

"It's just a statue dear …" she said soothingly, putting her hand on my shoulder.

"Of a naked man …" I shivered.

“You know when we get back home your friends at school are going to ask you how you enjoyed visiting Florence and whether you saw Michelangelo’s David. What are you going to say to them?”

“That I closed my eyes and did not want to look …” I dug my heels in. My mother did not know this but I had already seen what a boy looks like, not my baby brother mind you, but a real boy and well he was grotesque … his thingy poking up and all.

It had been at our neighbourhood park last month. He had stepped behind a tree to pee instead of going to the washroom. I recognized him as a grade four student at my school. He saw that I was close by and should have turned his back to me but the monster turned towards me and continued to water the tree.

I screamed and ran in the opposite direction. That night I had nightmares of snakes slithering out from with the pants of boys. You see I am terribly scared of snakes.

“Dear you are sweating and turning pale. Are you ok?” My mother voiced concern. “Shall we go back to the hotel?”

I had a fresh Sicilian orange in my hand. I was squeezing it so tightly the juice was streaming past my fingers and dripping onto the white marble floor. I looked down and opened my eyes.

“Now see what you have done …” she opened her purse and took up some Kleenex to clean my mess. A kind Italian man dressed in a uniform appeared and said in broken English. “Don’t worry … I will clean it up. ‘It’s only her orange’ he said pointing at the rind in my hand. I handed the remnant of my orange to him.

He smiled at me and said “usually a little bambina wets herself when they see David for the first time.” He swept his hand towards the statue and my eyes involuntarily followed his hand.

I could feel my face grow flush when I looked up at David for the first time. I smiled. I will not be dreaming of snakes tonight!

A Return to Sento by Yuki

Women enjoying a *sento* in Fukuoka

Visitors leave their clothes and their worries at the wooden entrance to Inari-yu, a *sento,* or public bathhouse, in northern Tokyo. Inside they join the parade of bathers ambling beneath a mural of a snow-capped Mount Fuji.

While perched on small stools, they scrub themselves with soap and rinse off with water poured from cypress-wood buckets. Then they soak together in hot pools, and the strict hierarchies and stiff formalities of Japanese life melt away. To cool down, they sip jars of chilled milk by the koi pond in the *sento's* courtyard.

Such scenes, once ubiquitous in Japanese neighbourhoods, have become rarer in recent decades. In the 196os there were more than 2,500 *sento* in Tokyo

alone. Just over 500 remain. But a new generation of *sento*-philes is working to keep the baths full for the 21st century.

Younger *sento*-owners hope to revive the bathhouses by adding bars, music and event spaces. *Sento* have started to acquire a retro cachet among a younger crowd. In 2019 the number of *sento*-goers in Tokyo grew (albeit marginally) for the first time in more than a decade.

Japan's earliest public baths were attached to Buddhist temples, but the sento really took off in the dense, dirty environments of Tokyo and its precursor, Edo. Their primary appeal was practical: even as Tokyo prepared to host the Olympics in 1964, only around a third of its homes had bathing facilities. But *sento* also came to play an important role as common spaces that bring together people from different walks of life.

As private showers and baths proliferated-at least 98% of homes in Tokyo now have them-the *sento* started to dry up. As in lots of Japan's traditional industries, many owners resisted change. With an ageing clientele, the equally elderly proprietors often decide to call it quits. "It's becoming increasingly difficult for bathhouses to survive just as bathhouses alone," says Kuryu Haruka of Sento & Neighbourhood, which works to preserve old bathhouses.

Younger devotees reckon that *sento* must instead focus on fostering their communities, with a contemporary spin. After taking over Ume-yu, a historic *sento* in Kyoto, Minato Sanjiro attracted new clients by hosting concerts and flea markets at the bathhouse and by advertising online. His customer base

grew from 70 people a day to around 250 before the pandemic hit. Whereas as many as 80% of the bathers were once senior citizens, now some 60% are in their 20’s and 30’s. Inari-yu is building a community space in an adjacent building, which will function as a lounge for bathers as well as a place for communal meals and exhibitions.

Others have opted for hipster makeovers. The third-generation owners of the 90-year-old Kogane-yu in eastern Tokyo have remodelled the venerable bathhouse; it reopened last year as a sleek modern space with a craft-beer bar and vinyl turntables.

Such changes can be divisive. Older regulars sometimes find the new bells and whistles alienating purists worry that turning *sento* into hipster haunts will ruin their democratic charm. "If you go too far in creating a new style, the idea of *sento* will be destroyed," says Mr. Minato. "But if we don't change, the *sento* won't survive."

Pictorial: Tell me the Truth … Am I Fat?

Getting In Deeper *by Lisa Louis*

Though I certainly didn't feel like a streetwalker during my time as a hostess, I didn't feel like Doris Day, either. The club world is not what anyone could describe as a wholesome, clean-cut environment. One of the most curious things that struck me when I started at the club was the interaction between the hostesses. Rarely was there a night that a number of hostesses didn't partake in what seemed to me to be a very
activity.

Each night, there was at least half an hour and sometimes up to two hours of free time before any customers arrived. It was during that lull, as the women typically preened, napped, or talked about their latest shopping trips or dinners out, that I noticed women touching each other, not on the shoulder or arm to make a point in conversation, but on the hips and breasts.

Men grabbing women seemed like a normal part of the game at the club already, but women feeling each others' breasts in the middle of a room full of people seemed distinctly peculiar to me. After observing this activity a number of times, I realized that they were comparing themselves. Who was bigger? Who was firmer? The typical comments were, "You have such a great figure," and, "I wish I was as big as you."

With monthly cycles, it was, "Feel this. Haven't I grown since last week?"

After weeks of seeing this same pattern repeated, it too started to seem like a normal part of the game. After the Japanese hostesses got used to my presence, they even included me in their comparisons, at least verbally. Differences between Western and Eastern physiques came to the forefront. "How lucky you are to be big busted!" or "You have big hips, don't you?" followed by, "Yes, but she has a very small waist." On one occasion one of the regular feel-and-compare hostesses even cautiously reached out to see if I was really the size I looked. I felt like the sumo wrestler having his belly touched. The breast comparison saga didn't end here, though.

One Friday night just before 8:00, Club Regent was still void of customers. An unusually quiet spell was suddenly disturbed by one of the hostesses as she came in. Satomi was one of the fastest, funniest talkers in the club, and her raspy, colloquial speech made her an entertaining addition to any table. I admired her for her frankness and for her sense of style. Satomi was one of the only women in the club who wore clothes that were truly fashionable, rather than fitting the dictates of club wear. She was absentminded at times and not terribly refined, but she had a way of carrying herself that commanded respect. More important, she had guts, a quality rarely given a chance to be displayed by Japanese women.

Satomi had never paid particular attention to me. She wasn't unfriendly; she simply didn't make a fuss over foreigners. Everyone had been sitting quietly, gazing off into space this evening when Satomi burst in, whizzed in and out of the coat room, into the bathroom for a quick makeup check, and then back out into the room where we all were sitting. Something about the dress I was

wearing that night caught her eye, and she decided to make an issue of it. "Why don't you give some of that away to those of us who need it?" she taunted, referring to the usual anatomical area. I laughed lightly at this, knowing that it was said in good humor, though it came out sounding kind of tough.

Sitting on a bar stool smiling over Satomi's inclination to say whatever popped into her head, I suddenly felt two hands reach around from behind me and grab my breasts. Before I had a chance to react, Satomi said in a raspy voice, "Wow, this feels great!" more in admiration than sensual rapture. Everyone turned to look, good-natured smiles revealing that they'd all thought about doing the same thing but had never had the nerve.

When she stopped and walked away, I noticed out of the corner of my eye that Tsuji-san, the second-ranking manager and a bit of a clown, was approaching with his hands outstretched to get his chance, too. A loud "Get lost, Tsuji-san!" was all he got out of the affair, to everyone's delight. He slinked away with a look of disappointment, mumbling that it just wasn't fair.

{excerpt from *Butterflies of the Night*, by Lisa Louis a book about Japanese Nightlife}

Are Iranians Narcissists? By Valerie

From my experience yes ... Iranian people have a lot of dysfunction in their culture … this creates dark personalities like narcissism. I've met a few Iranians who were kind people and it was a pleasure to interact with them, however, a lot of them have issues and suffer from this personality type.

I can say the same about Russian people. Narcissism is ingrained in the Russian mentality, wherever they go they are condescending because it gives them temporary relief from their inner battles and gives them the illusion that they are superior, when they feel inferior.

These kind of people has *Collective Narcissism*. The kind of narcissism that is accepted or approved in their society. Iranians can be very charming though, they know how to interact with people so it's actually easy to fall prey to their flattery.

I find it sad because this kind of toxicity is unnecessary. I don't know why people feel the need to be always wanting to one-up others but then again I'm not a narcissist and I don't care enough to compare myself to that extent.

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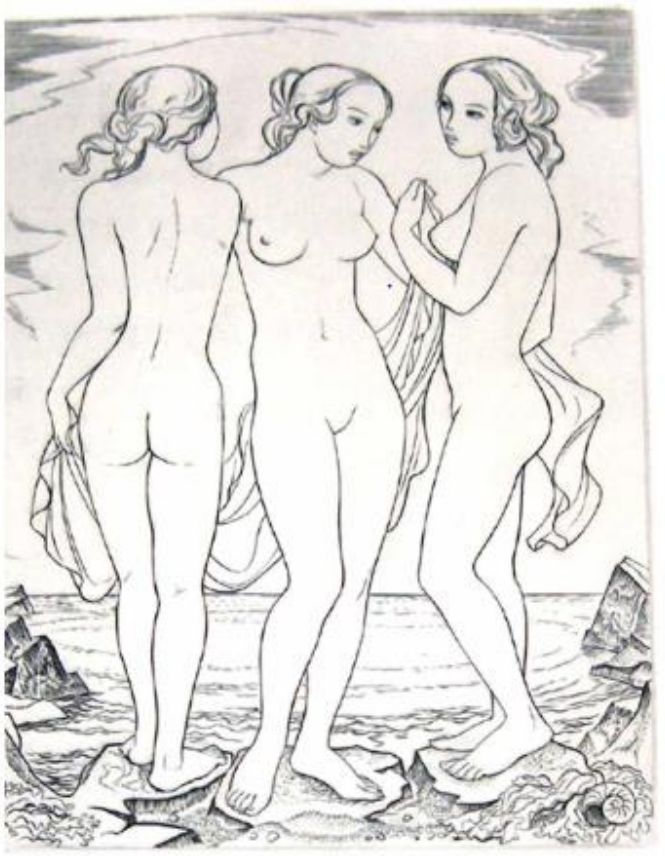

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A Speech of Consequence

Address by President Reagan

to the 39th Session of the United Nations General Assembly in New York, New York September 24, 1984

Mr. President, Mr. Secretary-General, distinguished heads of state, Ministers, Representatives, and guests: First of all, I wish to congratulate President Lusaka on his election as President of the General Assembly. I wish you every success, Mr. President, in carrying out the responsibilities of this high international office.

It's an honor to be here, and I thank you for your gracious invitation. I would speak in support of the two great goals that led to the formation of this organization -- the cause of peace and the cause of human dignity.

The responsibility of this assembly -- the peaceful resolution of disputes between peoples and nations -- can be discharged successfully only if we recognize the great common ground upon which we all stand: our fellowship as members of the human race, our oneness as inhabitants of this planet, our place as representatives of billions of our countrymen whose fondest hope remains the end to war and to the repression of the human spirit. These are the important central realities that bind us, that permit us to dream of a future without the antagonisms of the past. And just as shadows can be seen only where there is light, so, too, can we overcome what is wrong only if we remember how much is right. And we will resolve what divides us only if we remember how much more unites us.

This chamber has heard enough about the problems and dangers ahead. Today, let us dare to speak of a future that is bright and hopeful and can be ours only if we seek it. I believe that future is far nearer than most of us would dare to hope.

At the start of this decade, one scholar at the Hudson Institute noted that mankind also had undergone enormous changes for the better in the past two centuries -- changes which aren't always readily noticed or written about.

"Up until 200 years ago, there were relatively few people in the world," he wrote. ``All human societies were poor. Disease and early death dominated most people's lives. People were ignorant, and largely at the mercy of the forces of nature."

"Now," he said, ``we are somewhere near the middle of a process of economic development . . . At the end of that process, almost no one will live in a country as poor as the richest country of the past. There will be many more people . . . living long, healthy lives, with immense knowledge and more to learn than anybody has time for." They will be ``able to cope with the forces of nature and almost indifferent to distance."

Well, we do live today, as the scholar suggested, in the middle of one of the most important and dramatic periods in human history -- one in which all of us can serve as catalysts for an era of world peace and unimagined human freedom and dignity.

And today I would like to report to you, as distinguished and influential members of the world community, on what the United States has been attempting to do to help move the world closer to this era. On many fronts enormous progress has been made, and I think our efforts are complemented by the trend of history.

If we look closely enough, I believe we can see all the world moving toward a deeper appreciation of the value of human freedom in both its political and economic manifestations. This is partially motivated by a worldwide desire for economic growth and higher standards of living. And there's an increasing realization that economic freedom is a prelude to economic progress and growth and is intricately and inseparably linked to political freedom.

Everywhere, people and governments are beginning to recognize that the secret of a progressive new world is to take advantage of the creativity of the human spirit, to encourage innovation and individual enterprise, to reward hard work, and to reduce barriers to the free flow of trade and information.

Our opposition to economic restrictions and trade barriers is consistent with our view of economic freedom and human progress. We believe such barriers pose a particularly dangerous threat to the developing nations and their chance to share in world prosperity through expanded export markets. Tomorrow at the International Monetary Fund, I will address this question more fully, including America's desire for more open trading markets throughout the world.

This desire to cut down trade barriers and our open advocacy of freedom as the engine of human progress are two of the most important ways the United States and the American people hope to assist in bringing about a world where prosperity is commonplace, conflict an aberration, and human dignity and freedom a way of life.

Let me place these steps more in context by briefly outlining the major goals of American foreign policy and then exploring with you the practical ways we're attempting to further freedom and prevent war. By that I mean, first, how we have moved to strengthen ties with old allies and new friends; second, what we're doing to help avoid the regional conflicts that could contain the seeds of world conflagration; and third, the status of our efforts with the Soviet Union to reduce the level of arms.

Let me begin with a word about the objectives of American foreign policy, which have been consistent since the postwar era, and which fueled the formation of the United Nations and were incorporated into the U.N. Charter itself.

The U.N. Charter states two overriding goals: ``to save succeeding generations from the scourge of war, which twice in our lifetime has brought untold sorrow to mankind," and

``to reaffirm faith in fundamental human rights, in the dignity and worth of the human person, in the equal rights of men and women and of nations large and small."

The founders of the United Nations understood full well the relationship between these two goals. And I want you to know that the Government of the United States will continue to view this concern for human rights as the moral center of our foreign policy. We can never look at anyone's freedom as a bargaining chip in world politics. Our hope is for a time when all the people of the world can enjoy the blessings of personal liberty. But I would like also to emphasize that our concern for protecting human rights is part of our concern for protecting the peace.

The answer is for all nations to fulfill the obligations they freely assumed under the Universal Declaration of Human Rights. It states: ``The will of the people shall be the basis of the authority of government; this will shall be expressed in periodic and genuine elections." The Declaration also includes these rights: ``to form and to join trade unions," ``to own property alone as well as in association with others," ``to leave any country including his own and return to his country," and to enjoy ``freedom of opinion and expression." Perhaps the most graphic example of the relationship between human rights and peace is the right of peace groups to exist and to promote their views. In fact, the treatment of peace groups may be a litmus test of government's true desire for peace.

In addition to emphasizing this tie between the advocacy of human rights and the prevention of war, the United States has taken important steps, as I mentioned earlier, to prevent world conflict. The starting point and cornerstone of our foreign policy is our alliance and partnership with our fellow democracies. For 35 years, the North Atlantic alliance has guaranteed the peace in Europe. In both Europe and Asia, our alliances have been the vehicle for a great reconciliation among nations that had fought bitter wars in decades and centuries past. And here in the Western Hemisphere, north and south are being lifted on the tide of freedom and are joined in a common effort to foster peaceful economic development.

We're proud of our association with all those countries that share our commitment to freedom, human rights, the rule of law, and international peace. Indeed, the bulwark of security that the democratic alliance provides is essential and remains essential to the maintenance of world peace. Every alliance involves burdens and obligations, but these are far less than the risks and sacrifices that will result if the peace-loving nations were divided and neglectful of their common security.

The people of the United States will remain faithful to their commitments. But the United States is also faithful to its alliances and friendships with scores of nations in the developed and developing worlds with differing political systems, cultures, and traditions. The development of ties between the United States and China, a significant global event of the last dozen years, shows our willingness to improve relations with countries ideologically very different from ours.

We're ready to be the friend of any country that is a friend to us and a friend of peace. And we respect genuine nonalignment. Our own nation was born in revolution. We helped promote the process of decolonization that brought about the independence of so many members of this body. And we're proud of that history.

We're proud, too, of our role in the formation of the United Nations and our support of this body over the years. And let me again emphasize our unwavering commitment to a central principle of the United Nations system -- the principle of universality, both here and in the United Nations technical agencies around the world. If universality is ignored, if nations are expelled illegally, then the U.N. itself cannot be expected to succeed.

The United States welcomes diversity and peaceful competition. We do not fear the trends of history. We are not ideologically rigid. We do have principles, and we will stand by them, but we will also seek the friendship and good will of all, both old friends and new.

We've always sought to lend a hand to help others -- from our relief efforts in Europe after World War I to the Marshall plan and massive foreign assistance programs after World War II. Since 1946 the United States has provided over $115 billion in economic aid to developing countries, and today provides about one-third of the nearly $90 billion in financial resources, public and private, that flows to the developing world. And the U.S. imports about one-third of the manufactured exports of the developing world.

But any economic progress as well as any movement in the direction of greater understanding between the nations of the world are, of course, endangered by the prospect of conflict at both the global and regional level. In a few minutes, I will turn to the menace of conflict on a worldwide scale and discuss the status of negotiations between the United States and the Soviet Union. But permit me first to address the critical problem of regional conflicts, for history displays tragic evidence that it is these conflicts which can set off the sparks leading to worldwide conflagration.

In a glass display case across the hall from the Oval Office at the White House there is a gold medal, the Nobel Peace Prize won by Theodore Roosevelt for his contribution in mediating the Russo-Japanese War in 1905. It was the first such prize won by an American, and it's part of a tradition of which the American people are very proud -- a tradition that is being continued today in many regions of the globe.

We're engaged, for example, in diplomacy to resolve conflicts in southern Africa, working with the frontline states and our partners in the contact group. Mozambique and South Africa have reached an historic accord on nonaggression and cooperation. South Africa and Angola have agreed on a disengagement of forces from Angola, and the groundwork has been laid for the independence of Namibia, with virtually all aspects of Security Council Resolution 435 agreed upon.

Let me add that the United States considers it a moral imperative that South Africa's racial policies evolve peacefully but decisively toward a system compatible with basic norms of

justice, liberty, and human dignity. I'm pleased that American companies in South Africa, by providing equal employment opportunities, are contributing to the economic advancement of the black population. But clearly, much more must be done.

In Central America, the United States has lent support to a diplomatic process to restore regional peace and security. We have committed substantial resources to promote economic development and social progress.

The growing success of democracy in El Salvador is the best proof that the key to peace lies in a political solution. Free elections brought into office a government dedicated to democracy, reform, economic progress, and regional peace. Regrettably, there are forces in the region eager to thwart democratic change, but these forces are now on the defensive. The tide is turning in the direction of freedom. We call upon Nicaragua, in particular, to abandon its policies of subversion and militarism and to carry out the promises it made to the Organization of American States to establish democracy at home.

The Middle East has known more than its share of tragedy and conflict for decades, and the United States has been actively involved in peace diplomacy for just as long. We consider ourselves a full partner in the quest for peace. The record of the 11 years since the October war shows that much can be achieved through negotiations; it also shows that the road is long and hard.

Two years ago, I proposed a fresh start toward a negotiated solution to the Arab-Israeli conflict. My initiative of September 1st, 1982, contains a set of positions that can serve as a basis for a just and lasting peace. That initiative remains a realistic and workable approach, and I am committed to it as firmly as on the day I announced it. And the foundation stone of this effort remains Security Council Resolution 242, which in turn was incorporated in all its parts in the Camp David accords.

The tragedy of Lebanon has not ended. Only last week, a despicable act of barbarism by some who are unfit to associate with humankind reminded us once again that Lebanon continues to suffer. In 1983 we helped Israel and Lebanon reach an agreement that, if implemented, could have led to the full withdrawal of Israeli forces in the context of the withdrawal of all foreign forces. This agreement was blocked, and the long agony of the Lebanese continues. Thousands of people are still kept from their homes by continued violence and are refugees in their own country. The once flourishing economy of Lebanon is near collapse. All of Lebanon's friends should work together to help end this nightmare.

In the Gulf, the United States has supported a series of Security Council resolutions that call for an end to the war between Iran and Iraq that has meant so much death and destruction and put the world's economic well-being at risk. Our hope is that hostilities will soon end, leaving each side with its political and territorial integrity intact, so that both may devote their energies to addressing the needs of their people and a return to relationships with other states.

The lesson of experience is that negotiations work. The peace treaty between Israel and Egypt brought about the peaceful return of the Sinai, clearly showing that the negotiating process brings results when the parties commit themselves to it. The time is bound to come when the same wisdom and courage will be applied with success to reach peace between Israel and all of its Arab neighbors in a manner that assures security for all in the region, the recognition of Israel, and a solution to the Palestinian problem.

In every part of the world, the United States is similarly engaged in peace diplomacy as an active player or a strong supporter.

In Southeast Asia, we have backed the efforts of ASEAN to mobilize international support for a peaceful resolution of the Cambodian problem, which must include the withdrawal of Vietnamese forces and the election of a representative government. ASEAN's success in

promoting economic and political development has made a major contribution to the peace and stability of the region.

In Afghanistan, the dedicated efforts of the Secretary-General and his representatives to find a diplomatic settlement have our strong support. I assure you that the United States will continue to do everything possible to find a negotiated outcome which provides the Afghan people with the right to determine their own destiny, allows the Afghan refugees to return to their own country in dignity, and protects the legitimate security interests of all neighboring countries.

On the divided and tense Korean Peninsula, we have strongly backed the confidence-building measures proposed by the Republic of Korea and by the U.N. Command at Panmunjom. These are an important first step toward peaceful reunification in the long term.

We take heart from progress by others in lessening the tensions, notably the efforts by the Federal Republic to reduce barriers between the two German States.

And the United States strongly supports the Secretary-General's efforts to assist the Cypriot parties in achieving a peaceful and reunited Cyprus.

The United States has been and will always be a friend of peaceful solutions. This is no less true with respect to my country's relations with the Soviet Union.

When I appeared before you last year, I noted that we cannot count on the instinct for survival alone to protect us against war. Deterrence is necessary but not sufficient. America has repaired its strength. We have invigorated our alliances and friendships. We are ready for constructive negotiations with the Soviet Union.

We recognize that there is no sane alternative to negotiations on arms control and other issues between our two nations which have the capacity to destroy civilization as we know it. I believe this is a view shared by virtually every country in the world and by the Soviet Union itself. And I want to speak to you today on what the United States and the Soviet Union can accomplish together in the coming years and the concrete steps that we need to take.

You know, as I stand here and look out from this podium, there in front of me I can see the seat of the Representative from the Soviet Union. And not far from that seat, just over to the side, is the seat of the Representative from the United States. In this historic assembly hall, it's clear there's not a great distance between us. Outside this room, while there will still be clear differences, there's every reason why we should do all that is possible to shorten that distance. And that's why we're here. Isn't that what this organization is all about?

Last January 16th, I set out three objectives for U.S.-Soviet relations that can provide an agenda for our work over the months ahead.

First, I said, we need to find ways to reduce -- and eventually to eliminate -- the threat and use of force in solving international disputes. Our concern over the potential for nuclear war cannot deflect us from the terrible human tragedies occurring every day in the regional conflicts I just discussed. Together, we have a particular responsibility to contribute to political solutions to these problems, rather than to exacerbate them through the provision of even more weapons.

I propose that our two countries agree to embark on periodic consultations at policy level about regional problems. We will be prepared, if the Soviets agree, to make senior experts available at regular intervals for indepth exchanges of views. I've asked Secretary Shultz to explore this with Foreign Minister Gromyko. Spheres of influence are a thing of the past; differences between American and Soviet interests are not. The objectives of this political

dialog will be to help avoid miscalculation, reduce the potential risk of U.S.-Soviet confrontation, and help the people in areas of conflict to find peaceful solutions.

The United States and the Soviet Union have achieved agreements of historic importance on some regional issues. The Austrian State Treaty and the Berlin accords are notable and lasting examples. Let us resolve to achieve similar agreements in the future.

Our second task must be to find ways to reduce the vast stockpiles of armaments in the world. I am committed to redoubling our negotiating efforts to achieve real results: in Geneva, a complete ban on chemical weapons; in Vienna, real reductions to lower and equal levels in Soviet and American, Warsaw Pact and NATO conventional forces; in Stockholm, concrete practical measures to enhance mutual confidence, to reduce the risk of war, and to reaffirm commitments concerning nonuse of force; in the field of nuclear testing, improvements in verification essential to ensure compliance with the threshold test ban and peaceful nuclear explosions agreements; and in the field of nonproliferation, close cooperation to strengthen the international institutions and practices aimed at halting the spread of nuclear weapons, together with redoubled efforts to meet the legitimate expectations of all nations that the Soviet Union and the United States will substantially reduce their own nuclear arsenals.

We and the Soviets have agreed to upgrade our hotline communications facility, and our discussions of nuclear nonproliferation in recent years have been useful to both sides. We think there are other possibilities for improving communications in this area that deserve serious exploration.

I believe the proposal of the Soviet Union for opening U.S.-Soviet talks in Vienna provided an important opportunity to advance these objectives. We've been prepared to discuss a wide range of issues of concern to both sides, such as the relationship between defensive and offensive forces and what has been called the militarization of space. During the talks, we would consider what measures of restraint both sides might take while negotiations

proceed. However, any agreement must logically depend upon our ability to get the competition in offensive arms under control and to achieve genuine stability at substantially lower levels of nuclear arms.

Our approach in all these areas will be designed to take into account concerns the Soviet Union has voiced. It will attempt to provide a basis for an historic breakthrough in arms control. I'm disappointed that we were not able to open our meeting in Vienna earlier this month on the date originally proposed by the Soviet Union. I hope we can begin these talks by the end of the year or shortly thereafter.

The third task I set in January was to establish a better working relationship between the Soviet Union and the United States, one marked by greater cooperation and understanding. We've made some modest progress. We have reached agreements to improve our hotline, extend our 10-year economic agreement, enhance consular cooperation, and explore coordination of search and rescue efforts at sea.

We've also offered to increase significantly the amount of U.S. grain for purchase by the Soviets and to provide the Soviets a direct fishing allocation off U.S. coasts. But there's much more we could do together. I feel particularly strongly about breaking down the barriers between the peoples of the United States and the Soviet Union, and between our political, military, and other leaders.

Now, all of these steps that I've mentioned -- and especially the arms control negotiations -- are extremely important to a step-by-step process toward peace. But let me also say that we need to extend the arms control process to build a bigger umbrella under which it can operate -- a road map, if you will, showing where, during the next 20 years or so, these individual efforts can lead. This can greatly assist step-by-step negotiations and enable us to avoid having all our hopes or expectations ride on any single set or series of negotiations. If progress is temporarily halted at one set of talks, this newly established framework for arms control could help us take up the slack at other negotiations.

Today, to the great end of lifting the dread of nuclear war from the peoples of the Earth, I invite the leaders of the world to join in a new beginning. We need a fresh approach to reducing international tensions. History demonstrates beyond controversy that just as the arms competition has its root in political suspicions and anxieties, so it can be channeled in more stabilizing directions and eventually be eliminated if those political suspicions and anxieties are addressed as well.

Toward this end, I will suggest to the Soviet Union that we institutionalize regular ministerial or cabinet-level meetings between our two countries on the whole agenda of issues before us, including the problem of needless obstacles to understanding. To take but one idea for discussion: In such talks, we could consider the exchange of outlines of 5-year military plans for weapons development and our schedules of intended procurement. We would also welcome the exchange of observers at military exercises and locations. And I propose that we find a way for Soviet experts to come to the United States nuclear test site, and for ours to go to theirs, to measure directly the yields of tests of nuclear weapons. We should work toward having such arrangements in place by next spring. I hope that the Soviet Union will cooperate in this undertaking and reciprocate in a manner that will enable the two countries to establish the basis for verification for effective limits on underground nuclear testing.

I believe such talks could work rapidly toward developing a new climate of policy understanding, one that is essential if crises are to be avoided and real arms control is to be negotiated. Of course, summit meetings have a useful role to play. But they need to be carefully prepared, and the benefit here is that meetings at the ministerial level would provide the kind of progress that is the best preparation for higher level talks between ourselves and the Soviet leaders.

How much progress we will make and at what pace, I cannot say. But we have a moral obligation to try and try again.

Some may dismiss such proposals and my own optimism as simplistic American idealism, and they will point to the burdens of the modern world and to history. Well, yes, if we sit down and catalog year by year, generation by generation, the famines, the plagues, the wars, the invasions mankind has endured, the list will grow so long and the assault on humanity so terrific that it seems too much for the human spirit to bear.

But isn't this narrow and short-sighted and not at all how we think of history? Yes, the deeds of infamy or injustice are all recorded, but what shines out from the pages of history is the daring of the dreamers and the deeds of the builders and the doers. These things make up the stories we tell and pass on to our children. They comprise the most enduring and striking fact about human history -- that through the heartbreak and tragedy man has always dared to perceive the outline of human progress, the steady growth in not just the material well-being, but the spiritual insight of mankind.

``There have been tyrants and murderers, and for a time they can seem invincible. But in the end, they always fail [fall].\1\ (FOOTNOTE) Think on it . . . always. All through history, the way of truth and love has always won." That was the belief and the vision of Mahatma Gandhi. He described that, and it remains today a vision that is good and true. (FOOTNOTE) \1\White House correction.

``All is gift," is said to have been the favorite expression of another great spiritualist, a Spanish soldier who gave up the ways of war for that of love and peace. And if we're to make realities of the two great goals of the United Nations Charter -- the dreams of peace and human dignity -- we must take to heart these words of Ignatius Loyola; we must pause long enough to contemplate the gifts received from Him who made us: the gift of life, the gift of this world, the gift of each other -- and the gift of the present.

It is this present, this time that now we must seize. I leave you with a reflection from Mahatma Gandhi, spoken with those in mind who said that the disputes and conflicts of

the modern world are too great to overcome. It was spoken shortly after Gandhi's quest for independence had taken him to Britain.

``I am not conscious of a single experience throughout my 3 months' stay in England and Europe," he said, ``that made me feel that after all East is East and West is West. On the contrary, I have been convinced more than ever that human nature is much the same, no matter under what clime it flourishes, and that if you approached people with trust and affection, you would have ten-fold trust and thousand-fold affection returned to you."

For the sake of a peaceful world, a world where human dignity and freedom is respected and enshrined, let us approach each other with ten-fold trust and thousand-fold affection. A new future awaits us. The time is here, the moment is now.

One of the Founding Fathers of our nation, Thomas Paine, spoke words that apply to all of us gathered here today. They apply directly to all sitting here in this room. He said, ``We have it in our power to begin the world over again."

Thank you. God bless you.

Note: The President spoke at 10:31 a.m. in the General Assembly Hall of the United Nations Headquarters Building. He was introduced by Paul Lusaka, President of the 39th Session of the General Assembly.

Upon arrival at the United Nations, the President was greeted by Secretary-General Javier Perez de Cuellar de la Guerra.

Pictorial: President Ronald Reagan, 40th POTUS

Canadian Poems

In Flanders Fields by John McCrae

In Flanders Fields, the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead, short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
… In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
… In Flanders fields.

Pictorial: Surgeon, Lt. Col. John McCrae (1917)

Two Poems by Archibald Lampman

The Truth

Friend … though thy soul should burn thee, yet be still
Thoughts were not meant for strife, nor tongues for swords.
He that sees clear is gentlest of his words.
And that's not truth that hath the heart to kill.
The whole world's thought shall not one truth fulfil.
Dull in our age, and passionate in youth.
No mind of man hath found the perfect truth.
Nor shalt thou find it; therefore, friend, be still.
Watch and be still, nor hearken to the fool,
The babbler of consistency and rule:
Wisest is he, who, never quite secure.
Changes his thoughts for better day by day:
To-morrow some new light will shine, be sure,
And thou shalt see thy thought another way.

Winter Evening

Tonight the very horses springing by
Toss gold from whitened nostrils. In a dream
The streets that narrow to the westward gleam
Like rows of golden palaces; and high
From all the crowded chimneys tower and die

A thousand aureoles. Down in the west
The brimming plains beneath the sunset rest.
One burning sea of gold. Soon, soon shall fly
The glorious vision, and the hours shall feel
A mightier master; soon from height to height,
With silence and the sharp unpitying stars.
Stern creeping frosts, and winds that touch like steel.
Out of the depth beyond the eastern bars,
Glittering and still shall come the awful night.

Dawn by Fredrick George Scott

The immortal spirit hath no bars
To circumscribe its dwelling place;
My soul hath pastured with the stars
Upon the meadow-lands of space.

My mind and ear at times have caught.
From realms beyond our mortal reach,
The utterance of Eternal Thought
Of which all nature is the speech.

And high above the seas and lands,
On peaks just tipped with morning light,
My dauntless spirit mutely stands
With eagle wings outspread for flight.

Photography

Shou Ye Gauthier Photographer

[*Vancouver*] "As a body of work, my analog photos are my takes on my vanishing city, and beyond. I love to take photos because you never know if what you see now will become a memory. I use film as a stylistic choice, because it relates to the past I'm hoping to preserve. The photos I showcase here are a tribute to the transition to autumn."

"Remember the stories of yore"

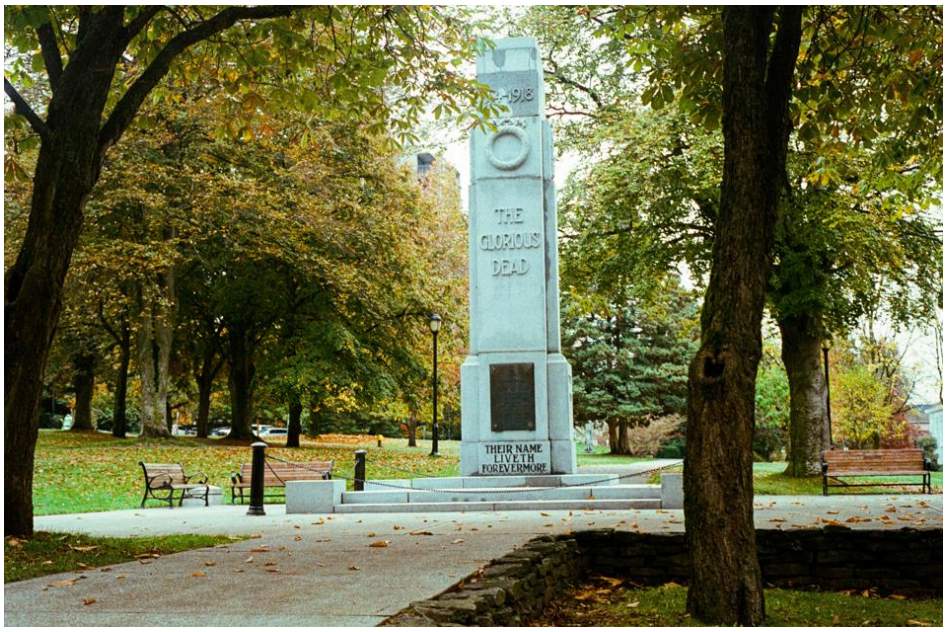
"A lone ol' farm house"

"Dappled red maple"

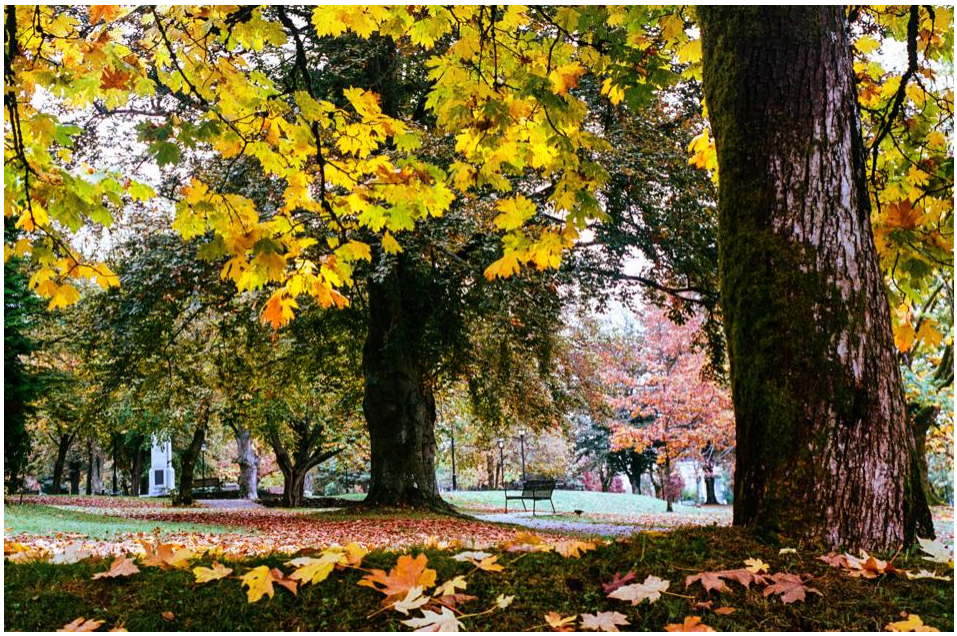
"Hall of the dead"

"The old schoolhouse mystery"

“Snag”



The Glorious Dead – North Vancouver Cenotaph



"Labyrinthian autumn"

Pictorial: An All Girls Art Class

Photographing Yourself by Bunny Yeager

Have you ever thought about taking your own picture?

I had many times, ever since I was a little girl. I always liked to dress up in costumes and have my mother take my picture and often thought how much fun it would be if I could take my own, Of course, I never owned my own camera when I was a child, like a lot of modern children now do, and never went into the study of photography till after I was married.

My husband is a policeman, and when he worked the night shift. I found myself with a lot of extra time on my hands. That's when I began getting

interested in photography and decided to go to night school and really learn what it was all about. I never dreamed then that it would lead to a career. Never had I planned on becoming a professional, but I seemed to have become one overnight. I sold the very first pictures which I submitted to a magazine and from then on, photography has been my very life.

When I started taking pictures of myself, it was essentially be-cause 1 wanted some special glamour photographs to give to my husband, but afterward, and now, when I photograph myself, it is primarily to work out new poses and expressions to try on my models. Contrary to what most people believe, models do not come "ready-made" with a variety of facial expressions and a whole string of cute poses. Modeling schools are fine for the fashion model, but when it comes to pin-up posing, there is no way for the would-be aspirant to learn, except by her own experience. So don't think that because you go to a model agency and hire a professional for the job that you will have any easier time of it than if you worked with a pretty friend you know. Most models are models because they are pretty, and there it usually ends, There are very few who on their own try to develop them-selves into better models by practicing posing and expressions in front of their mirrors at home, Almost all models leave everything, except looking pretty, up to the photographer.

Then, too, I work with a lot of "new discoveries," girls whom I meet on the street, in stores, etc… who have never lot of trouble moving lights around in the studio each time I change my pose, I would rather work indoors because of the many complications I encounter when going to the beach. When I plan to work outdoors, I try to find a desolate spot. You can imagine how foolish I

must look posing in front of a camera with no one operating it, to someone who doesn't know what the score is. When I go to the beach there is the problem of the wind blowing the mirror over or the camera falling into the water when working in the surf.

Although taking your own picture sounds like a lot of fun, it isn't exactly a snap. Just for a minute picture all the running around I have to do.

First I push a stick in the sand, which is approximately my height, at the spot where I will be posing. Then I run over to the camera and focus on it. Taking the stick away, | sit or stand in the exact same spot and strike up several poses till I find one that I'm satisfied with. I make a mark in the sand to let me remember where I was standing or sitting and I go back to the camera again and push the self-timer. Back into the pose and I wait for the shutter to click,

After it has been taken I have to turn the film and go through the same thing all over again. After 8 to 10 rolls of this, I am worn out, and if the pictures don't turn out there is no one to blame but myself!

{First published in 1957 by Bunny Yeager}

Is a Pictorial better in B/W or in Colour? By William Webster

[**New York**] With modern apps you can take a Black and White picture and render it in colour. Is a Pictorial better in Black and White or in colour?

Perhaps it depends on the pictorial? Take for example this B/W picture of a girl holding a ball:

You can use an app such as *ImageColorize* to render this B/W pictorial as a colour photograph. When you do this, this is what results ...

This particular pictorial suddenly comes alive. The colour of the red ball in the foreground draws you in in a fashion that was not done in the Black and White original. Her flesh tone also attracts you interest. She becomes more real …

Here is another example. This is a B/W piece titled the *Allegory of the Apple*:

When it is colorized the piece takes on a vibrant meaning …

Let me ask you … what does the wicker basket remind you of?

Here is a third example, a woman hiding behind a broad leafed plant:

Here is a colourized rendering of her:

Isn’t she beautiful! The colourful leaf represents a double entendre …

Here is *A Woman with her Nest* in black and white

And now in colour … which do you prefer?

Here are some more pictorials for comparisons …

I did not know the woman’s actual hair colour so I just guessed …

I thought she might be a strawberry blonde … do you agree with me?

Here are some vintage pictorials from the UK in the 1960's …

And now colourized …

Here is the same model standing up in her shower …

What colour should the tiles be? We know what colour she shall be …

If you said light blue … here's to you! With colour she comes alive …

Would it surprise you to know that this sort of pictorial was just at the hairy edge of what the censors would allow in public print in just fifty years ago.

Can you guess why? Let me give you a clue …

The next pictorial is from a 1922 edition of Shadowlands Magazine …

She is nude but from the side. And here it is colourized …

If she were alive today this ballerina would be at least 120 years old … In this pictorial she is ageless. Oh why is it that we must age. Why can we not stay young forever?

Mathematics and Science

Why We Believe in The Einstein Theory by P.A.M. Dirac

I am very happy to … have this opportunity of paying tribute to Einstein. His influence on the whole of modern physics is simply enormous and probably not always appreciated and I will try to give you a better understanding of it.

Relativity was first introduced to the world in 1918, just at the end of the First World War. Of course, the special theory of Relativity was then quite old. It was discovered in 1905 but it was quite unknown except to a few specialists in universities, and no one had heard of Einstein apart from that. Then, at the end of the First World War, *Relativity* just burst on the world with a tremendous impact.

The reason for this is that it was just at the psychological moment when a terrible war had at last come to an end. Everyone was quite sick of it, whichever side they were on, and people wanted something new, something to enable them to forget about the war and to start off on a new line of thinking. *Relativity* provided just that.

At that time, I was a student of engineering at Bristol University in England, just one of the undergraduates there. We were caught up in this storm of *Relativity*. Everyone was discussing it. People had no really definite information to go on. Students and professors just were discussing it from the point of view of hear-say. Newspapers were continually writing articles about it and all the magazines were full of articles about it. The people who wrote

the articles understood very little also, but they felt more or less competent to try to explain things.

As engineering students we had been working all the time with Newton. Newton was our god and everything in engineering depended on Newton. Then we were told that in some mysterious way Newton was wrong. We had to adjust ourselves to new ideas.

Why should we believe in this new theory? There were two reasons that were given. One reason was that it was supported by experimental evidence and another reason, given by the philosophers, was that philosophy demanded it. From general philosophical arguments they thought that it was necessary to have *Relativity* and to get away from absolutism. I want to discuss these ideas more thoroughly. Neither of them is the true reason for believing in Einstein and appreciating the greatness of his ideas.

Special Relativity

If you just think of velocities, then in the first place it is quite obvious that the velocity of a body can have a meaning only with respect to the velocity of something else. It is only the difference of two velocities which is a well-defined concept. But the question arises – is there some absolute zero to which all other bodies can be referred to give us an absolute velocity for a body?

That is a question that cannot be decided by philosophy. It can only be decided by experiment, by observation. One must see if one can find this absolute zero of velocity.

Now experiments had been done by Michelson and Morley to see if there is such an absolute zero in velocity. All physical theory at that time was based on the idea that there is an absolute ether that had to be used as a reference system. So one could talk about light moving with a definite velocity through the ether. Now the question arises – can one determine the velocity of the ether? More precisely, can one find out the velocity with which the earth is moving through the ether? That is just what Michelson and Morley tried to do.

They did some careful experiments involving sending beams of light to and fro and making accurate interference observations.

The result was that they were unable to find any velocity which could be counted as absolute zero. They were unable to determine what the velocity of the earth was through the ether. They did the experiment at different times of the year when the velocity of the earth would be different because of the motion around the sun but their results were always negative. How could one understand' that?

It was a great mystery to the people at that time. It was studied in particular by Lorentz and Fitzgerald and they supposed that one had to set up new ideas about how rigid bodies behave. The rigid bodies had to undergo a strange

kind of contraction which was adjusted in such a way as just to neutralize the effects that would otherwise be produced by the motion of the earth through the ether.

At that time, the best physical theory we had was the electromagnetic theory, based on Maxwell's equations. Lorentz worked on these equations a great deal and made a rather remarkable discovery. He showed that from these equations, combined with suitable assumptions about how material bodies behaved when they were in motion, one could set up different frames of reference in space and time such that the equations appear the same with respect to all these frames of reference.

From this discovery of Lorentz you get an immediate explanation of the null result of the Michelson and Morley experiment. It is just that, as the earth moves with different velocities, you have to pass from one Lorentz frame of reference to another, and then there won't be anything observable to show up with the different velocity of the earth at the different times. Lorentz found out that there are these different frames of reference, and he worked out the equations that transform from one frame of reference to another, the Lorentz transformation. As a result, one could see immediately that with any experiments just involving electromagnetic processes, you could not get the velocity of the ether to show up in any way. The results that you get will always be the same. The proof just involves passing from one Lorentz frame of reference to another.

This was all done before Einstein came on the scene. Then Einstein made a very bold assumption: he said that all these different Lorentz frames were equally good and you had to adopt a new picture of space and time which treated all these Lorentz frames symmetrically. Then you would never be able to find out the velocity of the ether, because it was something which just didn't exist. That was really the start of *Relativity*.

At that time Lorentz did not accept it. Lorentz had really done the hard mathematical work. He had discovered the transformations, but he did not accept the view that all the different frames of references were equally good. Lorentz thought that one of these frames of references was the really correct physical frame and all the others were just mathematical fictions. That was the point of view that Lorentz held. It was in direct contradiction to Einstein's. The disagreement remained for quite a number of years. Poincare had also worked on the problem and held a similar point of view to Lorentz.

It turned out that it was quite impossible to find out which was the correct frame of reference. Under those conditions one should, of course, give up the idea that· there is just one frame of reference which is correct. One then goes over to the idea that all the frames of reference are equally good, which is just Einstein's view.

In order to appreciate what Einstein's assumption involves you must see that it really goes a long way beyond the conclusions which Lorentz had obtained. Lorentz had established that so long as one keeps to electromagnetic forces it would be impossible to fi d n absolute zero of velocity. Einstein went beyond

that and said it would never be possible to find an absolute zero in velocity, that there would not be other physical processes that would show up an absolute zero of velocity. It was something inherent in space and time that this absolute zero does not exist at all. You have to adopt a new picture of space and time.

This new picture was very much brought into prominence by Minkowski, the great geometer of that time. He set up the basic geometry. You have to describe physical events in a four dimensional world with this geometry, in which you don't have Lorentz frames of reference such that one is more basic than the others. It is called Minkowski space. You might say that Einstein's fundamental assumption was that the whole of physics has to be put into Minkowski space.

The Microwave Radiation

In one sense, Lorentz was correct and Einstein was wrong, because all Einstein should have said was that with the physics of that time it was impossible for an absolute zero in velocity to show up. But to say that it would never be possible for an absolute zero in velocity to show up was going a bit too far. An absolute zero in velocity has shown up with the more advanced technology which we have at the present day. This refers to the natural microwave radiation.

If one has suitable telescopes capable of observing microwaves of just a few centimeters wavelength, and one points these telescopes to the sky in various

directions, one observes some weak radiation coming in. This radiation, called the natural microwave radiation, does not come from the sun, it does not come from the galaxy, it comes from all directions in space. It must be something of cosmological importance. People explain it by saying that it is the remains of the radiation which existed at a time close to the time when the universe was created. There was a lot of hot radiation then, which has cooled down and left some cold radiation which can be observed now by suitable telescopes.

This radiation is coming in equally from all directions for a suitable observer. If you take another observer who is moving relatively to that first observer, he will see it coming more strongly in the direction to which he is proceeding and less strongly from behind him. So it will only be symmetrical with respect to one observer. There is thus one preferred observer for which the microwave radiation is symmetrical. You may say this preferred observer is at rest in some absolute sense, maybe he is at rest with respect to an ether. That is just contradicting the Einstein view.

It is possible to observe the velocity of the earth through the ether as defined by the microwave radiation. One finds that the earth and the whole solar system are moving very rapidly, with a speed that can be observed. The only reason why Michelson and Morley got a null result, why they failed to observe the motion of the earth in an absolute sense, was because their technology was inadequate. Present day technology can do much more than could be done in those days, nearly one hundred years ago. With the more modem technology, there is an absolute zero of velocity.

You might say that, with the microwave radiation showing Einstein was wrong, that would destroy *Relativity*. But it has not destroyed the importance of Einstein's work. The importance lies in another respect. You shouldn't say that Einstein's theory rests solely on its agreement with observation. There is agreement with observation only provided that you don't use a sufficiently advanced technology. In the absolute sense the agreement no longer holds.

The real importance of Einstein's work was that he introduced Lorentz transformations as something fundamental in physics. The whole of physics has to be expressed in Minkowski space, a space which is subject to Lorentz transformations. That I would say is the most important of the new ideas introduced by Einstein, and it is of tremendous importance and is not disturbed by the more advanced technology which cuts away the basis that Einstein had in proposing his theory.

I should try to give you some idea of the immense importance of our having to express all our physical theory in Minkowski space which is subject to the Lorentz transformations. There are many examples I could give. One of them, concerns de Broglie, a French physicist. Just by studying the relationship between particles and waves and using the Lorentz transformations he found that one could set up a relationship between particles and waves which was invariant under Lorentz transformations. That led him to postulate the existence of waves associated with particles. That was a fundamental idea in atomic physics. It was taken up by Schrodinger and developed by him. It has proved to be right at the basis of the whole of modern atomic theory.

Further developments of the theory of Lorentz transformations show that when you try to set up an equation for the motion of electrons agreeing with Lorentz transformations and the fundamental laws of quantum mechanics, you are led to a theory which provides an explanation for the spin of the electron. If you go a little farther, you are led to the existence of antimatter. These are all consequences of the Lorentz transformations. They all follow smoothly from Einstein's assumption that Lorentz transformations dominate physics. This dominance of the Lorentz transformation is something which is excessively important and has affected the whole of physics since it was introduced at the beginning of the century.

I might put things a little differently and say that the Lorentz transformations are beautiful transformations from the mathematical point of view, and Einstein introduced the idea that some- thing which is beautiful mathematically is very likely to be valuable in describing fundamental physics. This is really a more fundamental idea than any previous idea. I think we owe it to Einstein more than to anyone else, that one needs to have beauty in mathematical equations which describe fundamental physical theories.

That is certainly the situation with regard to the *Special Theory of Relativity*. I would say the reason why we believe in *Special Relativity* is because it puts importance on these Lorentz transformations which are beautiful mathematically. There is certainly no general philosophical basis for it, and we cannot say that it is supported by experiment if we allow experiments involving the most advanced technology. We can say that it dominates atomic theory and that the examples in which a special zero velocity shows up refer

to cosmological questions which should be left out of consideration in the development of atomic theory.

General Relativity

That is the situation with regard to the *Special Theory of Relativity*. How does it go with the *General Theory*? The general theory was introduced in 1916 by Einstein and it came from his attempts to make gravitation fit in with the ideas of the special theory with Lorentz transformations. It was a very difficult problem to satisfy. It took Einstein many years and he got the solution only in 1916 in the middle of the war.

At that time people in England knew nothing about Einstein's work except for one man, Eddington, the great astronomer. Eddington kept in touch with de Sitter in neutral Holland. De Sitter kept in touch with Einstein, so that indirectly Eddington was in touch with Einstein. Eddington was extremely interested in this theory of Einstein, the *General Relativity*, and wanted to know whether it would be in agreement with observation. This could be tested be- cause the theory of Einstein predicted certain effects.

There were three effects which were immediately predicted. One of them concerned the motion of the planet, Mercury. It had been known for a long time that the motion of the planet Mercury was not adequately described by Newton's Laws. The perihelion of the orbit of Mercury was seen to be advancing in a way that could not be explained by Newton. It advanced by 42 seconds per century, a very small amount, but still something which is quite

large enough for astronomers to detect and measure. It was soon found that Einstein's theory did provide for this advance of the perihelion of Mercury, and just by the right amount, 42 seconds per century. That was the first success of the Einstein theory.

Another way of testing the Einstein theory was that according to the theory light passing close by the sun should be deflected. There would also be a deflection according to the old Newtonian theory, but the Einstein deflection would have been twice the Newtonian one. That was something that one could check by observation at the time of a total eclipse. It was impossible to observe it at any other time, because the light of the sun was too strong and would have obscured the light of any stars whose light passed close by the sun. So one had to wait for a suitable total eclipse.

Eddington noticed that there would be a total eclipse occurring in May 1919 which would be very suitable for checking on this effect. He made preparations for sending expeditions out to observe this eclipse. Of course, he knew very well that it would be quite im- possible to send out such expeditions as long as the war was still going on, but he was hoping that the war would be finished in time, and it so happened that it was finished in time. Eddington sent out two expeditions, one of which he led himself. He made observations of the deflections of the stars just behind the sun at the time of total eclipse, and the results supported the Einstein theory.

There was tremendous excitement when these results were announced in November 1919. I doubt if there has ever been any other occasion when a

scientific discovery has produced such a tremendous effect on the public. Here was Einstein's theory, which everyone had been talking about for so long, several months, being actually confirmed by observations.

The results were not so very accurate because of the great difficulty of making the observations. But they were as good as one could have expected under the circumstances. Many other eclipse expeditions have been sent out more recently to check on this Einstein effect. And the results have supported Einstein in every case, with a greater or less accuracy; always with as much accuracy as one could expect depending on how good the observing conditions were.

Then there was a third effect which the Einstein theory predicted at that time, namely that there should be a red shift in the spectral lines of light that is emitted in a strong gravitational field. The natural case to look for this red shift was in the light from the sun. One should examine light from the surface of the sun and compare the spectral lines with similar lines produced on earth. This turned out to be not a very good way of checking on the Einstein theory, because the motion of the atmosphere of the sun is quite large and produces a Doppler effect, which disturbs the Einstein red shift and makes the interpretation of the results rather uncertain. Still, there was some rough support for the Einstein theory from this third effect.

Several years later Eddington noticed that this effect could be checked more accurately from certain stars, called white dwarfs, where the matter is extremely condensed and extremely compact. The light from the surface of a

white dwarf exhibits the Einstein red shifting quite strongly, much more strongly than the light from the sun. When we know enough about the white dwarf so that we can estimate its size and mass roughly, we can make the calculations and we then get good support for the Einstein theory.

Much more recently it has been found that this effect can be checked just from terrestrial experiments, if one uses suitable radiation. It could be gamma rays. One takes the rays emitted from a source at the top of a tower and observes them lower down. Then these rays, while moving downward, get their spectral lines shifted from the difference in the gravitational potentials at the top and bottom of the tower. Just from these terrestrial. experiments one can get a confirmation of this Einstein effect.

This effect can also be checked astronomically with the use of radio waves instead of light. If there is a radio star, a source of radio waves, behind the sun, then the light from this source, in passing close by the sun, should also get deflected. That is an observation that you can make at any time, because the sun does not emit very strong radio waves. You don't have to wait for a total eclipse of the sun to do that. This provides an independent way of checking on this effect.

There is a complication coming in with this way of checking the effect in that the sun's corona gives rise to a deflection of radio waves. But this deflection is different for different frequencies. So by comparing the deflection for two different frequencies, you can separate the effect of the corona from the

Einstein effect. You get very good confirmation of the Einstein theory in this way.

Now I am going to speak about a fourth test for the Einstein theory; namely, that waves passing close by the sun get delayed. Not only are they deflected, but they are delayed. If you send radar waves to a planet lying behind the sun and then observe the reflected waves that come back and measure how long it takes to make the journey to and fro, then you can check to see whether there is such a delay. That is work that has been done in the last few years by Shapiro. Again, as you work with radio waves the sun' s corona has an effect, but you can separate out the effect of the corona from the Einstein effect by using two different wave lengths. The result is again a confirmation of the Einstein theory.

Another check has been provided in recent times by a binary pulsar. A pulsar is a star which emits radio waves in pulses with a very definite periodicity, extremely constant. Now, if this pulsar is a part of a binary system and moves around another star, the periodicity of the pulses will be changed by the motion, and that is something which can be observed. With the pulsar passing close by its companion, you get a very big effect, like the motion of the perihelion of the planet Mercury, but very much larger. This doesn't provide a very accurate test of the Einstein theory, because we do not know enough about the different parameters describing the binary system to be able to calculate just what the effect ought to be. But with reasonable estimates, it does come out approximately right and so it does provide a further rough check of the Einstein theory.

The Need for Mathematical Beauty

We have all these observations which have been made since Einstein first proposed his *General Theory of Relativity*. Every time the Einstein theory is confirmed; it has passed all the tests with flying colors. With all these observations you could say that there is very strong support for the Einstein theory of gravitation.

Still one should face the question: Suppose a discrepancy did turn up, how should one react toward it How would Einstein himself have reacted toward it?

I don't think one should say that the whole foundation of the Einstein theory would be destroyed. Not even if the discrepancy is very well substantiated. One should interpret it rather by saying that there is some new effect that is not adequately explained.

Our theory, at any time, should be looked at as in a temporary state and it is always liable to be improved upon. Any discrepancy which should show up should not be looked upon as fatal to the theory, but just as indicating that there is some further work to be done. It should stimulate people to look for further changes which could be made to account for the discrepancy.

I feel that the situation here is very similar to what it is with the *Special Theory of Relativity*, where with modern technology applied to the observation of the

microwaves one finds that there is an absolute zero of velocity. That doesn't spoil the Einstein theory, it just shows an inadequacy. It might very well turn up that there is an inadequacy with regard to the *General Theory of Relativity*, but so far it has not yet showed up. We shouldn't be too disturbed if it does show up in the future. It is not something that one should consider as destroying the foundations of the theory.

The foundations of the theory are, I believe, stronger than what one could get simply from the support of experimental evidence. The real foundations come from the great beauty of the theory. They come from the circumstance that Einstein has introduced new ideas of space which are extremely exciting, very elegant, and these ideas will survive no matter what the future brings before us. These ideas are based on the possibility that one can describe a physical force like gravitation just in terms of the properties of space. They lead one to look upon a physical field in general as just a disturbance of space, like a curvature.

Curvature of space is a bit difficult to understand, for a non- mathematician. Mathematicians have now gotten very used to it. Einstein introduced the simplest kind of curvature in space, a curvature which was first studied mathematically by Riemann a hundred years previously. Riemann worked out the basis of the mathematics which was used by Einstein for his *General Theory of Relativity* just like Lorentz had worked out the basis of the mathematics for *Special Relativity*.

It is the essential beauty of the theory which I feel is the real reason in believing in it. This must dominate the whole future development of physics. It is something which cannot be destroyed, even if there are experimental discrepancies turning up in the future. These experimental discrepancies must be looked upon merely as inadequacies in our present theory.

The Model of the Universe

There is one respect in which the present Einstein theory is clearly inadequate. It is a theory which gives equations describing the gravitational field, but does not give sufficiently complete equations for one to be able to get answers to definite problems.

In order to be able to get definite answers, we have to have the field equations supplemented by boundary conditions. We have to know something about the conditions at very great distances. People up to the present have been working on the assumption that to study the gravitational field of particular masses, one can assume that at great distances space is just the flat space of Minkowski. That is certainly not a correct assumption, even though it has worked in describing phenomena in the solar system.

In order to understand the conditions at great distances, one has to have a model of the universe. One has to have some appreciation of what the universe is like when the local irregularities produced by the stars and galaxies being scattered about in it are smoothed out.

Einstein himself realized the need for these boundary conditions and thus the need for a model of the universe. Einstein proposed a certain static model, Einstein's cylindrical model, it is called. It was soon realized that this model would not do, because it was observed that the matter at great distances from us, the galaxies, are all receding from us. They are all moving away from us and from each other. This contradicts Einstein's model, so Einstein gave it up.

Another model was soon afterwards introduced by de Sitter. De Sitter proposed a model which gave correctly the matter at great distances moving away from us. It was a good model in that respect. But it failed in another respect; namely, the de Sitter model requires the average density of matter to be zero. That plainly won't do. So, the de Sitter model had to be abandoned.

People then set to work to discuss other models and a great many were p posed. General theories were set up by Friedmann and Lemaitre. Among all these other models, there is one which I would like to call to your attention. It was proposed jointly by Einstein and de Sitter. They joined forces and produced a new model, the Einstein - de Sitter model, in 1932. This model gave distant matter to be receding from us in the way that it ought to and also gave a non-zero average density for matter, an average density roughly of the correct value. This Einstein - de Sitter model is the simplest model which is acceptable, which does not have some obvious flaw.

I would like to bring this Einstein - de Sitter model into general consideration. I believe it is a very good model and that it should govern the cosmological development of the future. It is certainly the simplest acceptable model. It

gives the universe starting off at a definite time, *The Big Bang*, as it is often called. It was a terrific explosion. According to the model, the universe will go on expanding forever. World without end, as they say in religion.

Many of the other models which have been proposed would require that the universe expands up to a definite limit and then contracts again. This is an unnecessary complication and I believe there is no justification for it. I would like people just to stick to the Einstein - de Sitter model, where you have an expansion which goes on forever, although it is continually slowing up. It will get slower as time goes on, but never actually stops.

The law of expansion fits in very well with the properties of the microwave radiation. I could talk a great deal about this development, but I don't want to go into technical details. I have been working for a good many years on developing these ideas, using a theory on the Einstein - de Sitter model, which I feel very satisfied with, although it is not yet definitely proved. I am hoping that soon the proof will be obtained.

{A talk given by Paul Dirac at the Einstein centennial celebration science symposium on symmetries in science, held at Southern Illinois University, Carbondale, Illinois, February 23-March 2, 1979.}

Pictorial: A Colorized Pictorial of Albert Einstein

Old Prose

One Evening by Colette

[**Paris, 1922**] As soon as the gate had closed behind us and we saw the lantern bobbing along in front, in the gardener's hand, under a covering of clipped yews so thick that only an occasional spatter of rain could penetrate it, we began to feel that a hospitable refuge must be at hand, and that the accident to our motor which had left us stranded out in the open country must be classed as a blessing in disguise.

And, indeed, it actually came to pass that Mr. B., the master of the house, who received the two dripping and unexpected female tourists on the steps, was a lawyer who knew my husband slightly, and that I had met his wife, formerly a pupil at the *Schola Cantorum*, at the Dominican concerts.

When we were finally seated at the hearth, in front of the first wood fire of the year, a spontaneous babble of gaiety broke forth. Nothing would do but that Valentine and I should eat a pick-up of cold meat and champagne—our hosts, it seemed, had just finished their dinner. An ancient vintage of plum brandy and steaming hot coffee put us immediately on intimate terms. They had electric lights, which were very unusual in that region, and I savoured the familiar fragrances of yellow tobacco, ripe fruit, and the resinous wood they were burning, as if they had been wafted from some newly discovered, enchanted isle.

Mr. B., robust, stocky, scarcely tinged with grey, and blessed with a flashing smile as radiant as the noonday sun, immediately engaged Valentine in

conversation; and I— well, I talked rather less with Madame B. than I stared at her. She was small and blond, dressed as one might be for a banquet instead of to receive stray motorists; but it was her eyes that so astounded me. They were so clear and limpid that their natural pale blue varied with every breath of thought or feeling. One moment they would become violet, like her dress; the next green, like the silk material of her chair; and when, for an instant, they looked troubled, they turned, in the reflection of the lamplight, almost red, as the blue irises of angora cats are seen to do when they are angry. I asked myself if these almost too translucent eyes did not give to the whole face its air of absent-mindedness, of empty amiability, its smile at times almost that of a somnambulist. A somnambulist, at all events, singularly attentive to our pleasure, and careful to make the two or three hours pass quickly in which our chauffeur and Mr. B.'s mechanic would be occupied in repairing the car.

"We have a room at your disposal," said Madame B., "why not spend the night here?" And her eyes expressed only an utter loneliness, a loneliness devoid even of a thought.

"You're not so badly off here," she resumed. "Just see how well my husband is getting on with your friend."

She laughed, but her eyes, wide and empty, seemed scarcely cognizant of her words. For the second time she made me repeat some slight phrase, trembling a little as she did so. What was it, morphine, opium? An inebriate would never

have had those rosy lips, that smooth forehead, that soft, cool hand, or that flesh so young and tender, swelling up from beneath the low-necked gown.

Was I dealing with a mute victim of marital unhappiness? It could not be. The most Machiavellian tyrant could not have uttered the name “Simone” so tenderly, or rested upon his slave a glance of such affectionate admiration.

“Yes, Madame, they really do exist,” Mr. B. was saying at that very moment to my friend, Valentine. “There really are families that live in the country eight months of the year, never are separated for so much as a week, and yet do not find anything to complain of in their lot. Isn’t that so, Simone?”

“Yes, thank heavens, there are,” said Simone, and her pale blue eyes held nothing but a tiny yellow flame, very far away, caught from the reflection of the lamplight on the bulging side of the samovar. Then she rose and poured us some hot tea, dashed with rum, for a nightcap.

A young man came in, bare-headed, and, without being introduced, gave some opened letters to Mr. B., who excused him¬ self to Valentine and ran rapidly through his mail.

“It’s my husband’s secretary,” said Simone, who was cutting a lemon into thin slices.

I spoke my thought:

“He’s a nice young fellow.”

“You think so?”

She raised her eyebrows in the surprised manner of one who should say, “Really, I never thought of that before.” But this slim young man, not in the least embarrassed, struck one with his air of willfulness, with his trick of lowering his eyelids, which, when he suddenly raised them, made his abrupt, keen glance—quickly veiled, and more disdainful than shy—extremely compelling. He took a cup of tea and sat down before the fire beside Madame B. in one of those atrocities of the eighties, consisting of two attached seats in the shape of an S, which they used to call tete-a-tetes.

There was a moment’s silence, when I feared that we might have exhausted the hospitality of our kind hosts. I murmured, to break the pause, “What solid comfort! I shall remember this charming house in which I have passed an evening without even knowing what it looks like from the outside. This fire will warm us again, will it not, Valentine, when, in a few minutes, we shut our eyes against the wind and …”

“If you go, it will be your own fault,” cried Madame B. “But if I were in your place I shouldn’t complain. I love the open road, the night, the rain that streaks the air in front of the headlights, the drops on one’s cheeks like tears, oh I love all that!”

I looked at her in amazement. She was aglow with a delicious human flame that shyness had, perhaps, smothered during the early hours of the evening. She did not withdraw again into herself, and the most appealing candour showed her to us as gay, witty, conversant with the politics of the locality and with the ambitions of her husband, whom she pretended to tease by mimicking him in the manner of little girls who are playing at make-believe. There was no lamp on the mantel¬ piece; and only the wavering glow from the hearth, at some distance from the central illumination, touched or left in shadow this young woman, whose sudden animation made me think of the liveliness of canaries wakened in their cages when the lights are turned on at nightfall. The black back of the secretary leaned against his half of the S-shaped chair in which he sat with Madame B.

While she was talking to her husband and my friend, turning towards them, I rose to set my empty cup down, and I saw one hand of the young man, which was concealed from their view, pressing her bare arm in a grip steady and motionless, just above the elbow. Neither of them moved. In his unoccupied hand, the young man held a cigarette, and in hers Madame B. toyed with a fan. She chatted gaily, attentive to everyone, her eyes clear, and in a voice in which her rapid breathing some¬ times made a little catch, such as one experiences when one wants to laugh. And I saw the veins of her hand swell under the firm, passionate pressure.

As if he realized that he was being observed, the secretary suddenly rose, bade us goodnight and withdrew.

“Isn’t that our motor I hear outside?” I asked a moment later.

Madame B. did not answer. She was looking at the fire, with her head bent a little to one side, seeming to listen to an all but inaudible sound, and looking, in the drooping of her whole body, like a woman who had been stunned. I repeated my question. She trembled.

“Yes, yes, I think so,” she answered quickly. She raised her eyelids and smiled a mechanical smile—her eyes again cold and wide and empty—“It’s too bad!”

We left, carrying late roses and dahlias from their garden. Mr. B. walked beside the automobile, which rolled along gently, as far as the first turn in the lane. Madame B. stood on the lighted steps, smiling at us with a face from which the desire to live seemed to have passed—one hand, beneath a transparent scarf, was pressed upon her bare arm just a little above the elbow.

Pictorial: For Her … What Will Come Next?

The Public and the Artist by Jean Cocteau

[**Paris, 1922**] I am working at my wooden table, seated on my wooden chair with my wooden penholder in my hand, but this does not prevent me from being, in some degree, responsible for the course of the stars.

A dreamer is always a bad poet. Nietzsche was afraid of certain "ands"; Goethe and Schiller, for example, or, worse still, Schiller and Goethe. What would he say at seeing the spread of the cult of Nietzsche and Wagner or, rather, Wagner and Nietzsche!

The opposition of the masses to the elite has always stimulated individual genius. This is the case in France. Modern Germany is dying of approbation, carefulness, faithful application and a scholastic vulgarization of aristocratic culture.

Let us keep clear of the theatre. I regret to have felt its temptation and to have introduced to it two great artists. "Well, then, why do you write for the theatre?" That is precisely the weak point about the theatre; it is forced to depend, for its very existence, upon immediate successes.

When I say that I prefer certain circus or music-hall turns to anything given in the theatre, I do not mean that I prefer them to anything that might be given in the theatre.

One day I was looking at a children's puppet show in the Champs Elysees when a dog came on the stage, or rather a dog's head, as big in itself as the two other actors put together. "Look at that monster," said a mother to her child. "That is not a monster, it is a dog," said her little boy. Men, as they grow older, lose—when in a theatre —the clairvoyance they had as children.

Tradition appears at every epoch under a different disguise, but the public does not recognize it under its masks.

That which makes the public laugh is not inevitably beautiful or new, but that which is beautiful and new inevitably makes the public laugh.

"Cultivate those qualities in thee for which the public blames thee: they are Thyself." Get this idea well into your head. This advice ought to be written up every¬ where like an advertisement of "Pear's Soap." As a matter of fact, the public likes to "recognize" what is familiar. It hates to be disturbed. It is shocked by surprises. The worst that can happen to a work of art is to have no fault found with it, so that its author is not obliged to take up an attitude of opposition.

The public only takes up yesterday as a weapon with which to castigate today.

There are people who are considered quite intelligent, but who do nothing but lean toward good things in art. Their heads get near them, but the rest of their bodies remain rooted.

A favorite phrase of the public is: “I don’t see what that’s meant to be.” The public wants to understand first and to feel afterwards.

A fall makes people laugh. The mechanism of falling plays an important part in causing the laughter which greets a new work. The public, not having followed the curve which leads up to this work, stumbles suddenly from where it was standing, down on to the work which it is now seeing or hearing. Consequently a fall takes place— and laughter.

A short phrase quickly spoken and full of meaning traverses the brain like a surgeon’s lancet. Ten minutes later it is no longer there.

We have in our keeping an angel whom we are continually shocking. We must be that angel’s guardian.

One does not blame an epoch; one congratulates oneself on not having belonged to it.

Instinct and the Artist

ART is science—in the flesh.

Genius, in art, consists in knowing how far we may go too far.

There is a house, a lamp, a plate of soup, a fire, wine and pipes at the back of every important work of art.

Instinct, in art, needs to be trained by method; but instinct alone helps us to dis¬ cover a method which will suit us, and thanks to which our instinct may be trained.

In feeling his way, an artist may open a secret door and never discover that, be¬ hind that door, a whole world lies concealed.

When a work of art appears to be in advance of its period, it is really the period that has lagged behind the work of art.

There is a moment when every work, in the process of being created, benefits from the glamour attaching to uncompleted work. “Don’t touch it any more!” cries the amateur. It is then that the true artist takes his chance.

Sculpture, so neglected on account of the current contempt for form and mass, is one of the noblest arts. To begin with, it is the only one which obliges us to move round it.

“Look,” said a lady to her husband in front of one of Claude Monet’s paintings of a cathedral. “It looks like melting ice¬ cream.” In this particular case the lady spoke the truth, but she had not acquired the right to do so.

The artist must always be partly man and partly woman. Unfortunately the woman part is almost always unbearable.

Every masterpiece having once been in the fashion goes out of fashion, and, long afterwards, finds an everlasting equilibrium. Generally it is when it is out of fashion that a masterpiece appeals to the public.

Music—Good and Bad

The musician opens the cage-door to arithmetic; the draughtsman gives geometry its freedom.

Beethoven is irksome in his developments, but not Bach, because Beethoven develops the form and Bach the idea.

The bad music, which superior folk despise, is agreeable enough. What is really intolerable is what they think good music.

Wagner's works are long works which are not only long, but long-drawn-out, be¬ cause this old sorcerer looked upon boredom as a useful drug for the stupefaction of the faithful. It is the same with mesmerists who hypnotize in public. The genuine "pass" which puts the subject to sleep is usually very short and simple, but they accompany it with a score of sham passes which impress the crowd. The crowd is won by lies; it is deceived by the truth, which is too simple, and not sufficiently shocking.

The public is shocked at the charming absurdity of Erik Satie's titles and system of notation, but respects the ponderous absurdity of the libretto of Parsifal.

Satie does not pay much attention to painters, and does not read the poets, but he likes to live where life ferments; he has a flair for good inns. Debussy established, once for all, the Debussy atmosphere. Satie evolves. Each of his works, intimately connected with its predecessor, is, nevertheless, distinct and lives a life of its own. They are like a new kind of pudding, a surprise and a deception for those who expect one always to keep on treading the same piece of ground. Satie teaches what, in our age, is the greatest audacity— simplicity.

Nothing is so enervating as to lie and soak for a long time in a warm bath. Enough of music in which one lies and soaks. Enough of clouds, waves, aquariums, water-sprites, and nocturnal scents; what we need is a music of the earth, every-day music. Enough of hammocks, garlands, and gondolas; I want some one to build me music I can live in, like a house. Music is not all the time a gondola, or a race¬ horse, or a tight-rope. It is sometimes a chair as well.

We may soon hope for an orchestra where there will be no caressing strings. Only a rich choir of wood, brass and percussion.

All good music resembles something. Good music arouses emotion owing to its mysterious resemblance to the objects and feelings which have motivated it.

Pelleas is an example of music to be listened to with one's face in one's hands. All music which has to be listened to through the hands is suspect. Wagner is typically music which is listened to through the hands.

Too many miracles are expected of us; I consider myself very fortunate if I have been able to make a blind man hear.

Poetry

Sculptor by Sylvia Plath

{*For Leonard Baskin*}

To his house the bodiless
Come to barter endlessly
Vision, wisdom, for bodies
Palpable as his, and weighty.

Hands moving move priestlier
Than priest's hands, invoke no vain
Images of light and air
But sure stations in bronze, wood, stone.

Obdurate, in dense-grained wood,
A bald angel blocks and shapes
The flimsy light; arms folded
Watches his cumbrous world eclipse

Inane worlds of wind and cloud.
Bronze dead dominate the floor,
Resistive, ruddy-bodied,
Dwarfing us. Our bodies flicker

Toward extinction in those eyes
Which, without him, were beggared

Of place, time, and their bodies.
Emulous spirits make discord,

Try entry, enter nightmares
Until his chisel bequeaths
Them life livelier than ours,
A solider repose than death's.

Pictorial: Peter's Rabbit …

To Lesbia by Andreas Francisus Landesiou

When beauteous Lesbia fires my melting soul (She who the torch and bow from Cupid stole)
By many a smile, by many an ardent kiss,
And with her teeth imprints the tell-tale bliss;
Through all my frame the madding transport glows, Through every vein the tide of rapture flows.
As many stars as o'er heaven's concave shine,
Or clusters as adorn the fruitful vines;
So many blandishments, voluptuous joys,
To inflame my breast, the wily maid employs.
But, dearest Lesbia! gentle mistress! say,
Why thus d' ye wound my lips in amorous play?
With kisses, smiles, and every wanton art,
Why raise the burning fever of my heart?
Let us, my love, on yon soft couch reclined,
Each other's arms around each other twined,
Yield to the pleasing force of strong desire,
And panting, struggling, both at once expire!
For oh, my Lesbia! sure that death is sweet,

When I See the Flowers Anew: A Twelfth Century French Song

When I see the flowers anew
Peeping where the meadows grew,
And I hear the fountain spring
Murmur on the gravelling,
Then young love holds me in thrall,
Which has never healing:
If relief come not at all
I must bide death's dealing.

"I am dark and fair to see,
Young in my virginity,
Rose my colour is and white,
Pretty mouth and green mine eyes;
And my breast it pricks me so
I may not endure it.
For I meddle me to know
Love, and naught can cure it.

"Certes, if I met a man
Who stood in the way I ran.
Freely would I love, for none
Should I ever leave that one.
Often have I heard relate
And for truth to tell,

No one has a joy parfaite
But comes of loving well."

Straight toward the wench I went
For to be with her acquent;
And I saw her white and fair,
And her look was debonaire,
Nor did she a whit forget
Any word I spake her,
Now without delay or let
For her love I prayed her.

Her bare hand I took, the maid
On the thick green grass I laid:
She cried out, to me she swore
Of my play she held no store:
"Take away your lechery;
May God truly shame it!
'Tis too rough and harsh for me,
I can never wame it."

"Sweet love, my pretty maid,
Wherefore now are you afraid?
For you do not know a mite
How this is a merry life.
Mother did not for it die,

That you know right truly,
Nor will you the daughter, why
Do you fear unduly?”

When I had swiped her maidenhood,
And upon her feet she stood,
All aloud to me she cried

“Well am I escaped your side:
Thirteen years since, I was born
As I rightly know;
Never had I other morn
That I loved so.”

On Fruition by Sir Charles Sedley

None but a Muse in love, can tell
The sweet tumultuous joys I feel,
When on Celia's breast I lie.
When I tremble, faint, and die;
Mingling kisses with embraces,
Darting tongues, and joining faces,
Panting, stretching, sweating, cooing,
All in the ecstasy of doing.

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Art

Something Very Erotic by Veronica

[**London, UK**] For this Valentine's Day I thought I might have some fun. A few days before I dropped in to a Photography Studio operated by some women friends and sat for a very erotic Valentine's Day gift for my boyfriend.

We had been seeing each other for two years but we had yet to share a bed. I am Catholic and believe we should wait until we are married. On Valentine's Evening under a near full moon, he got down onto a knee and proposed to me.

We are getting married this summer. Justifiably, I will be wearing white.

Pictorial: A Modern Odalisque …

The Many Adventures of Perseus … P. Corbett

[**London, UK**] Long ago in Greece there lived a king called Acrisius who had just one daughter, a beautiful girl named Danaë. But Acrisius had a streak of jealousy that ran through his soul and tainted everything that he touched.

He could not stand to see anyone go near his daughter and, most of all, he could not bear the idea that someone might take her from him. She would marry no one!

So, in the dead of night, he summoned his blacksmith. The poor man trembled as he was dragged before the king. There in the darkness of the great hall with the rush lights flickering, casting dark shadows on the walls, Acrisius ordered him to build a huge chamber of bronze.

Day by day the blacksmith laboured in secret, building a chamber the size of a large bedroom. In the roof was a tiny window that let in a little daylight. When the room was finished, Acrisius locked Danaë and her old nanny inside.

He ordered the blacksmith to seal the chamber leaving only a small hole in the door through which food and water could be passed.

So it was that the years ran by until finally the great god Zeus saw Danaë through the tiny window in the roof. That night Danaë woke to hear the sound of rain. As she opened her eyes, she was amazed to see droplets of golden

light shimmering through the window. She stood under the shower of gold and felt a shudder of Zeus power pass through her.

Danaë impregnated by Zeus, Titian 1544

Now, it was nine months later that Danaë gave birth to Perseus. For several years she managed to keep the secret from her father with the help of her nanny. But one day Acrisius was walking in the courtyard. He stopped at the chamber and felt its smooth, burnished sides and tried to remember what his daughter looked like. It was at that moment that he heard a child laughing from inside. Enraged, he ordered his guards to unseal the chamber. Danaë, the nanny and young Perseus stumbled out into the daylight, blinking like owls.

Acrisius ordered the poor nanny to be executed. Before her blood had run dry, a large chest had been made. Danaë and Perseus were squeezed into the chest, the lid nailed down and it was thrown into the sea. Acrisius stood on the beach and watched as it bobbed further and further into the distance. Knowing that he had sent his own flesh and blood to their doom, he stood staring until the sun set. But the chest was tugged by powers stronger than a king's hatred and it drifted towards the island of Seriphus.

Danaë and Perseus on Seriphos, Henry Fuseli, 1785

Dictys the fisherman would never be rich, but he was a kind man. Every day he went down to the rocks where he cast out his nets and dragged them back

in, hoping for a silvery catch. Now, on this morning, when he began to pull in the net he had to call to the other fishermen, for there was something trapped.

It was not a dolphin as they suspected at first but a huge chest. They dragged it onto the beach and before Dictys had a chance to force it open, the lid moved of its own accord. To his amazement, out stepped a beautiful young woman and her toddler – Danaë and Perseus.

And because he was a good man, Dictys took them into his humble home. Danaë did not once think of the palace that she had known, for Dictys gave her freedom, the sunlight and the beautiful sea. Now the years ran by happily until the king of the island, Polydectes, fell in love with Danaë, almost as if he could not help himself. He wanted to marry her.

But Perseus, who now stood tall, declared: "No man may marry my mother without my word, for I am her only male relative." The two argued and Polydectes taunted Perseus. Enraged, Perseus swore by Zeus that he would provide a wedding gift for Polydectes, a terrible gift – *the head of the Medusa*. Terrible because with just one glance, she could turn any living creature to stone!

No sooner had the words been spoken than Perseus regretted what he had said. But it was too late. He had sworn by Zeus and now that could not be changed. That evening, Perseus stood by the sea, staring out at the waves and wondering how he could ever find and capture the Medusa's head. He knew that Medusa

lived with her sisters, the Gorgons. And only the three one-eyed witches knew where she lived.

As he was wondering how he would find the one-eyed witches, he heard a noise behind him. There was the goddess Athena, who gave him a sword that would slice through any metal, and a shield polished until it shone like a mirror. But more than that, for Hermes the god of trickery had stolen a cape of invisibility, a pair of winged sandals so that Perseus could fly, and a sack to conceal the Medusa's gory gaze. Then Hermes whispered to Perseus an idea, a little seed of an idea that soon took root.

Perseus and the head of Medusa, Florence

On winged sandals Perseus flew to the one-eyed witches' lair. Ancient as time, wrinkled and stooped like three ragged crows, they sat, muttering and cackling. Perseus stood between them. They sensed his presence but could not see him because their eye sockets were empty.

"Now tell me, fair lady, where is Medusa's den?" Within seconds the hags began to quarrel about which one was the fair lady. To solve the question, one of them produced an eye – the eye they shared. She was about to put it into her empty eye socket when Perseus grabbed it. He said: "Tell me where Medusa lives – or I'll throw this bright bauble to the seagulls." It stared up at him, almost knowingly. He shuddered and closed his fist around its jelly.

Sooner rather than later, Perseus had his answer and was flying across dark rocks until he came to the mouth of the cave where the Gorgons slept. Their leathery wings were folded but their hair writhed in a knot of serpents. He drew his sword but was uncertain which was Medusa. Then he noticed that by one Gorgon, tiny mice had been frozen into stone. It had to be Medusa!

He took his sword and crept closer. Using the shield as a mirror, he avoided her icy stare. With a scream and one blow, he sliced off her head and scooped it into the sack. Wearing his cape of invisibility, he crouched in the shadows as the sisters searched the cave.

Once they had left, Perseus noticed that out of Medusa's foul body a tiny winged horse struggled. It flew round the cave, casting white light. And it grew. There was no time to lose. Perseus mounted Pegasus and they set off,

back to Polydectes' castle. For at that very moment, the wedding guests were arriving. Danaë was about to be forced into marriage!

Perseus and the head of Medusa, Cellini, circa 1550

As they flew over the sea, Perseus saw below a beautiful girl chained to a rock. It was Andromeda about to be sacrificed to a sea monster. Pegasus dived down and his shadow on the sea confused the monster. It took only one blow and the sea monster died. Taking Andromeda with him, Perseus wished to fly

on for he knew that little time was left. But Andromeda's father Phineas had other plans and summoned Perseus to his banqueting hall.

Perseus hid the Medusa's head in his leather bag and strode into the great hall. As soon as Perseus was inside the room, Phineas called to his men. Surrounded by spears, swords and shields, Perseus stood quite still. The archers drew back their bowstrings, men raised their spears ready to strike down Perseus.

But as Phineas roared his command, Perseus tugged the Medusa's head from the bag. He turned to look away from its dreadful stare but all those around him were transfixed. At first their limbs seemed to harden, their bones ached and then gradually as their skin turned grey, their minds froze, trapping them in eternity. Like great marble statues, the warriors tumbled.

Now, you may wonder why Andromeda was not angry with Perseus, but the answer is simple enough. It had been her own parents who had tried to sacrifice her to the monster so there was little love between them. But even she shuddered at the sight of so many cold bodies, already hard as rock. Perseus did not waste time in summoning Pegasus and soon he was riding with Andromeda across the sea.

The time seemed to crawl by as the ocean and landscape swept under Pegasus' shadow but, in the end, they landed inside the castle walls. There poor Dictys wept, for Danaë was about to be forced to marry Polydectes. But Perseus strode into the banquet. "So, where is your gift?" sneered Polydectes.

"Here!" roared Perseus. Everyone turned to stare and, like a great magician, Perseus tugged Medusa's head out of the sack.

Only Danaë did not look, for she was ashamed of what had been about to happen. But everyone else was curious and in one moment their curiosity froze them, their limbs crystallising to stone.

And Perseus strode up to Polydectes, took his crown from the statue's head and marched outside. There in front of the townsfolk, under the midday sun, he placed the crown upon Dictys' head and pronounced him their fisher king.

Novella

Consortia by Patrick Bruskiewich

He was a creature of habit, some good habits and some bad.

During the week, like clockwork every afternoon at two, he ventured down to take a break at the coffee shop just around the corner from his luxurious apartment. He could just make himself a coffee and stay in but the coffee shop had a fancy Italian espresso machine and well, he loved a good cup of espresso coffee. Sometimes when he is traveling in Europe he brings back a few bags of Italian Abyssinian coffee and leaves it here for his own use.

Being a musician he loved the musical gurgle and whistle of the machine. Its sound seemed as calming to him as the coffee itself.

He also liked to relax by reading the international dailies that were here for the patrons: the *London Times*, the *New York Times*, *Le Monde*, and a half-dozen European newspapers in German, Spanish and Italian. There were also a number of the local Shanghai broadsheets, which he rarely looked at. He hoped no one noticed this …

The coffee shop once played background music, but soon after a new chandelier with spokes was hung from the ceiling, he noticed the music was no more. It did not take him long to realize that the spokes were pointed at the different tables. He assumed then that they were directional microphones. Talk about *Big Brother* …

The coffee shop only allowed an elite clientele. There was a PLA soldier guarding the door, imperiously checking membership cards. This directive was set in place during the Covid-epidemic of 2019-2024. People like him were kept safe behind the barriers controlling how the general population could venture forth and interact with the elite.

Occasionally here in the coffee shop he saw either the elites themselves, or their sons and daughters. He found it odd there were never any of their wives to be seen. Almost as if they could not be trusted, the wives would only come with their husbands. Their daughters had more freedom.

During each visit he took his time to glance at several of the international newspapers since he understood several languages. Reading the newspapers gave him the chance to practice his comprehension. Some of the articles had been censured by the state. Someone had taken a black marker to them. He didn't mind that for he was not interested in politics. He never read the first few sections of the foreign newspapers. He was not interested in what was going on in the world. It was all bad news anyway. He was only interested in music, art and culture.

Occasionally there was a news article about him in one of the international dailies. Today there was a short article about him in a German newspaper about a recent piano recital he had given in Berlin. The Berlin recital was the last of eight he performed during his most recent tour of Europe. He read the story, sneered, and then turned to the next page of the *Arts & Culture* section of *Die Welt*. The Germans only really said good things about Germans. They

could never bring themselves to say anything nice about non-Germans like him. He would always read the German newspapers last. For him German was his least favorite of his languages, for it was not as musical and romantic as French, Italian and Spanish.

He enjoyed the French and Italian languages. When he was in his twenties he had spent several years studying the piano at *Conservatoires* in both Paris and Rome. Now he was a decade older and had already began to wax nostalgically at how simple his life was while a student at the European *Conservatoires*, before he started to perform on stage in front of live audiences. He had given his first performance at twenty-two.

Now his life was now a rather boring set routine. Practice … Perform … Practice … Perform. He spent so much of his time practicing that sometimes it was hard for him not to see himself as nothing more than a fancifully trained monkey.

He stood up and returned the newspapers to their stand. He stretched then sat down again at his table. He sat at the same table every time he came for coffee. They knew to set a *Reserved* sign on his small round table. Normally the small round table would seat two chairs. But when it was *Reserved* for him, they took away the second chair. This guarded his privacy and solitude.

He looked surreptitiously around him to see if anyone was looking. As usual, he sat with his back to the one and only surveillance camera in the coffee shop. The coast appeared clear and so he lifted the old pocket book out of his jacket

pocket and opened it to Chapter 20 *Time Pussy*. He had covered the book cover with a plain wrap of white paper, so the book appeared rather innocuous.

It was his secret passion, something which he had discovered on a rare afternoon off in New York on his first visit to the Big Apple. He fed his appetite by smuggling home to Shanghai second hand science fiction books, such as anthologies by his favorite author Isaac Asimov. Now he feeds his appetite at second hand book shops in all the major cities he performs in. Today he was enjoying Book Two of *The Early Asimov*. He had tried to read pdf versions of the books but it tired his eyes. He had also tried the 'read aloud' app in Adobe but it just didn't fill him with the enjoyment of holding a real book in his hands, and he letting his eyes read something other than the lined notes of a musical score.

Just a few years before the authorities in Beijing had prohibited the reading of science fiction and in particular the Sci Fi classics by authors like Asimov. The authorities wanted to take full possession of the future by banning any science fiction stories that might foresee the future. That way anything 'invented' by the authorities would shine their patina, and not that of any other person, least of all a foreigner. It wasn't just that Asimov was America, it was also that he was of Russian descent. Asimov had three strikes against him, he was farsighted, and his duel cultural heritage thrown in.

Then there was the *Gibson Edict* from a few years ago. William Gibson's book Neuromancer was banned by the state, as were all of his other books. They had put out a List of Books and Gibson was near the top of the list.

Gibson was a known Japanophile, and an advocate of *Cyberpunk*. China and Japan were in a declared economic war going back decades. Besides, *Cyberpunk* was a form of rebellion against authority and against technology. Big Brother didn't like that.

For the past few decades, since the Sci Fi novel *The Three Body Problem* became so popular, only Chinese Science Fiction, displaying the right patina was allowed. He had read *the book* ... but to be perfectly honest, it had put him to sleep. It was not very well written and the plot seemed hardly plausible. Whenever someone mentioned *The Three Body Problem* to him he would smirk … then try to change the subject. He felt, even with his limited writing skills, he could write a better Sci Fi novel. But then that would be a waste of his valuable time, wouldn't it?

He stuck to his Asimov. He did not know how they found out, but he had been asked by some of his friends and acquaintances … and fought the urge to smuggle Sci Fi books in for them. The Great Fire Wall blocked them direct access to the classics. If he was caught possessing the prohibited books that was one thing. The authorities might slap his wrists and tell him to stop. On the other hand if he smuggled books in for them, well, they might take away his passport and perhaps even throw him in prison for a spell just to remind him … *who is boss* … when it comes to individual thought. Big Brother didn't want you to think for yourself.

He had been so enthralled in Asimov's story *Time Pussy* that he hadn't noticed her until she stood right beside him. He first noticed her shoes. Her shoes

were not *bling-bling*, but were well crafted and so he knew she was not from around here. He followed up the leg attached to the foot in the shoe. She wore pink silk stockings and a fashionable pink skirt, topped by a simple soft pink sweater. She had a small fashionable handbag draped over her shoulder, and wore pearl earrings and a pearl necklace. He knew she was too chic to be from around here.

She was unmistakeably nervous. She had approached him and said hello in Mandarin, but with an interesting edge to it. He smiled at her. He knew that not just anyone could enter and drink coffee at this place. You had to be a member of the *Shanghai Coffee Club* which meant you had to be vetted by the authorities. He had never seen her in the coffee shop before. This gave him a clue that perhaps she might be just another of his admirers. She had probably stole past the guard he thought. So be it. That didn't bother him all that much for he was famous, and a famous man meets many women who were, shall we say … adventurous …

She struck up a conversation with him by saying how much she had enjoyed a recent performance he had given in Paris and in particular the virtuosity he had displayed performing a particularly romantic *Nocturne* by Chopin.

He took a liking to her and pulled a chair from another table over to his and then invited her to sit. He smiled. "This piece was one of his favorites," she told her.

“I can see why,” she said as she smiled back. “I have tried to learn how to play it but gave up after two months.”

“It took me a year to master the piece.” He responded, being polite. In fact he had mastered the piece in just days. Still he tries to play it better every chance he gets.

“So there is hope for me yet?” she sighed.

He nodded. He turned towards the counter and lifted his hand to signal. “Here let me buy you a coffee.” The woman behind the counter nodded her head. He felt the woman’s hand on his arm and turned back to face her.

“Oh sorry …” she removed her hand from his arm. “There is no need … I can order for myself …”

“No let me … I don’t mind,” he responded gallantly.

The coffee shop woman was now standing beside him. “This young woman would like to order something ....”

“May I see your membership card miss,” the coffee shop woman asked officiously.

There was an awkward pause of a second or two before he spoke up. “I have invited her to come join me at my table. … She’s on my bill. ”

The coffee shop woman glanced up at the door guard but he had his back turned to her so she quickly nodded, took her order and scurried back to the counter.

He chortled. "She's a nervous type … while you are not. You don't have a membership card do you?""

She slowly shook her head.

He leaned forward and whispered. "Don't worry I won't turn you in!" he reassured her.

They chatted politely for a few minutes. He tried to make out her accent. It was not mainland, nor Taiwanese, nor was it Hong Kong … so finally he asked her.

"Vancouver … just visiting. I recognized you and saw you walk into this coffee shop so I chanced it," she chirped.

He admired her openness and courage. "What do you do in Vancouver?"

"I am a teacher …" she said obliquely.

"What do you teach?" he asked.

She nervously stroked her hair. “This and that …” she said elusively, but that didn’t matter. She was both pretty … and pretty available.

After they had finished their coffee he invited her up to his place. She readily agreed and took his arm. They walked by the guard at the door who gave her a glaring look. Then the guard grabbed her arm and said, “excuse me miss may I see your membership card?”

He pushed back “leave her be, she is a visitor from Canada. She is with me.”

The guard recognized him, paused a second then stood down.

A few steps up the sidewalk he asked her “how did you get by him?”

“I waited until he turned away. Then I chanced it.” She answered.

“You must be quick on your feet!” he said.

She nodded.

Their flirting began in the elevator. To begin they were at opposite sides of the elevator. By the time they got to his floor, he was standing right beside her. After they had settled into his apartment, he sat at his grand piano and began to play some pieces. The music led to their intimacy. He played her their favorite *Nocturne*. She got up off the couch, walked over, then she straddled him. She wasn’t wearing anything under her dress. She unzipped

him. They both looked deep in each other's eyes. Then they came together at the *Deo gratias*.

It was passionate and brief. Then she dashed off as quickly as she could, grabbing her purse and shoes and in a blink of an eye she was out the door. He did not even stand up from the piano bench. He squared himself away. It was only after she had gone before he realized he did not even know her name.

That didn't really bother him. His ecstasy had given him the vigour to try out a rather unique interpretation of the final few bars of this *Nocturne* by Chopin. For the first time he got it to his satisfaction, and had her to thank for this.

He did come across her again … but not at the coffee shop mind you. It was at a performance at the Orpheum Theatre in Vancouver seven years later. After the encore to his performance he had stood at the forefront of the stage and as he took his bow he had noticed her four rows back and to one side, glowing angelically.

When he looked up at her she had smiled and waved nervously at him. Somehow she knew he had recognized her. Sitting beside her, hardly noticeable in a sea of adult heads, was a little boy. The little boy looked just like him when he was his age. Then she blew him a kiss. In a split second he understood. He blushed.

His face softened as he returned to the piano and began to play their favourite Chopin piece with such tenderness that she began to cry. Her son asked her why. "Shhh *Nocturne*… your papa is playing the piano."

Above the music he heard her clearly across the concavity of the Orpheum!

When he had finished he stood and hesitated then walked to the corner of the stage and down into the audience, pushing past the stream of strangers who wanted to shake his hand until he was standing beside her and their little boy. She had tried to make their escape but the surge of people made that impossible. He himself hardly noticed the presence of anyone else but her and their little boy.

Then he was standing beside her. He hugged her and then grabbed hold of her hand not letting her pull free from him. He motioned back to the stage. She grabbed hold of her young son's hand and the three of them swam against the surge.

When they got onto the stage, he sat back down at the grand piano and invited her to sit on one side of him and the little boy on the other. Then he started to play Mendelssohn's *Frühlingslied*. He was a few bars into the piece when the little boy raised his hands to the keys and edged him aside. She and he stood back as the little boy began to play the piece with such tenderness and expertise he, a grown man, started to cry with joy.

You could hear a pin drop in the Orpheum for everyone had come to a stop and listened intently to the playing of *Frühlingslied* by the little boy.

The audience noticed his emotions. When the little boy was finished the room was utterly silent. No one had ever seen a young boy play *Frühlingslied* with such veracity and meaning.

She whispered to him. "He has often wondered who his father was. Now *Nocturne* knows."

Almost on queue the awestruck audience began to applause. The little boy took scared and ran to his mother and hugged her close.

Not known for his modesty, he found it odd to hear himself say … "*Nocturne* plays the piano much better than I did when I was his age."

She smiled and nodded.

I don't even know your name," he suddenly found himself asking.

"Evette …" she whispered.

"Do you have a last name?" He queried.

"Just Evette …" She smirked as she said this and started to lead her son off the stage.

“Don’t go. I must talk with you.” He pleaded.

“Not here … not now.” She looked around the stage.

“Where and when … then?” He said franticly.

“Tomorrow … perhaps …” She hesitated when she said this.

“How about now … tonight?” He started to panic.

She put her arm around her son’s shoulder. “I have to take *Nocturne* home. Tomorrow noon.”

He frowned. “I leave tomorrow evening at eight.”

“Where to?” she asked nonchalantly.

“To Paris and my next performance.” He lowered his head as he said this. “I could cancel my next performance and stay a day or two longer.”

She laughed at his utterance and shook her head. She paused before asking him “where are you staying?

“The Fairmont Vancouver … room 1102.” He whispered.

“I will come and knock on the door of room 1102 at noon tomorrow.”

Now he did not feel so panicky. He looked down at the little boy and smiled at him. The little boy sort of smiled back and then they walked away to the stairs at the corner of the stage and then up the long aisle … neither of them looking back.

The last fifteen minutes had overturned his life and left him in a strange state.

She kept her word. The following day there was a knock at his door at noon.

When he opened the door her first reaction to him was “you look awful. Are you feeling ok?”

This caught him off guard. He hadn’t slept that night and hadn’t even left his room. He nodded. He ushered her in.

She shook her head. “I have reserved a table at a small restaurant around the corner.”

“I had hoped we could have a nice quiet lunch here in my room.”

She shook her head and was quite candid with him. “I am ovulating and well remember what happened the last time we spent an intimate moment together …” Evette turned and walked smartly back to the elevator. “Take your time getting yourself ready. I will wait for you down in the lobby.”

It took him a good ten minutes to regain his composure. He reluctantly joined her in the lobby and they dashed up the street for lunch. It was a fancy French restaurant tucked within an upscale boutique hotel a block away from the Fairmount Hotel. She had arranged for a quiet and private table in an alcove opposite both the entrance and the kitchen.

"I imagine you have a thousand questions you want to ask me," she said even as the waitress stepped away with their order.

He nodded.

"But I will save you a great deal of frustration by telling you what I can tell you."

It intrigued him the way she said 'can tell you.'

"What does that really mean?" he queried.

"It means … there is really little I am able to tell you."

He paused before asking. "Why didn't you contact me to tell me about our son?"

"You mean *my* son … I carried him within me and pushed him into *my* world." She said this with a distant demeanour that he found strangely odd.

He hesitated before continuing. "Is everything fine? Do you need any money?"

"No I don't need anything. Everything is being looked after …" She turned away from him as she said this, then looked carefully around the little restaurant.

He looked over his shoulder but didn't see anything out of the usual. It looked like he had not been recognized. He turned back to face her. "I read in the Globe & Mail about my concert. It said that the journalist wanted to interview you about …" he was about to say our son before he corrected himself, " … *Nocturne*. But it said you refused."

She nodded.

"Why did you do that? I thought you would be proud of *Nocturne* …"

"I am proud of him … but I am not allowed to publicize ..."

"Not allowed?" That sounds silly. He played Mendelssohn's *Frühlingslied* perfectly."

"It's an easy piece for him ..."

"Easy? At his age?"

“Yes. *Nocturne* has an IQ of 185. So does my other son … I only have an I.Q. of 165 …”

The fact they were so smart was no surprise to him. “You have another son?”

She nodded. “I actually have three boys. The oldest is twelve, *Nocturne* is six and my youngest son is just a few months old. I am still breast feeding him … so I can’t stay long for lunch.”

He felt compelled to ask. “Three sons … three different fathers?”

She nodded but didn’t say anything.

He looked down at the table in silence. “So I was just … you know …”

“Just what?”

“A donor … of sorts.”

She nodded.

“All this seems … odd …”

Before she could say anything the waitress arrived with their *soupe a l’onion*.

When they were again alone she whispered. "*You were matched with me*."

Her five simple words added to the strangeness of things.

"What do you mean matched with me?" he asked sharply.

"Genetically … and perhaps even epigenetically …" she said between spoonfuls of her soup.

"By whom?"

"If I told you would you promise not to tell anyone?" she said with guile

He pushed his soup away from in front of him. He had suddenly lost his appetite.

"You have to promise …" she stopped eating her soup as well.

"Why?"

"They will not appreciate the publicity." She said sternly. Besides I would get into trouble … and so would your son *Nocturne*."

The words '*your son*' took on an ominous tone.

"I don't know what this is all about … I just play the piano."

"And play it very well … that's what it is about." She looked at him directly in the eyes. Her eyes lacked sparkle and warmth. They seem distant and tired.

"I don't understand … is that why you seduced me … so we could have a baby?"

"How much have you made performing? Millions and millions …"

"So you want some of my wealth do you … for *Nocturne*."

She shook her head.

He was about to continue when the waitress return to take away the soup bowls. "Was the onion soup not to your liking?" she inquired. "I am about to bring your *Sole Normandie*."

She turned to the waitress and said "the soup was nice. It's just that neither of us have an appetite at the moment. Perhaps you can bring us the desert menu and some coffee?"

Then they were again alone.

"Someone did a genomic typing of me and found I have a near perfect genome. I don't carry diseases like diabetes, asthma, heart disease, cancer

and the like. Didn't someone do a genomic typing of you when you were at the *Conservatoire* in Paris …"

He shook his head.

"Well that's what I was told …"

He remembered back to his time in Europe and remembered he had to go to the hospital when he had a bad case of influenza. They had taken blood samples.

She let his think for a moment before continuing. "They ran our genomic code through a computer program and found us to be a perfect match."

"Who are they …"

She frowned.

"Or can I not ask that?"

She shook her head.

He looked around the restaurant. "They must be very powerful."

He shook her head again.

“What then?” He was not one prone to conspiracy theories but a shiver went up his back when he asked this.

“It’s not a humongous transnational organization if that is what you are thinking.” She whispered.

“I’m confused then … if it is not big … but it is powerful … what are you saying?”

“They just don’t want to be found out. They are trying to do something rather important for humanity.”

“What is that?”

“Medical science will not be able to cure every human disease. As the population of the Earth continues to double every thirty years or so, so will the incidence of human disease. You can see that already in cognitive decline, mental illness and heart disease.”

“So it is a group of doctors is it?”

“Some are, but most are scientists. The father of my oldest boy is a rather intelligent mathematician.”

“And your youngest son … who is his father?” he asked scornfully.

“A biochemist and horticulturalist.”

“You used me!”

“Don’t be so cross with me. At the time you seemed to be enjoying yourself.” She put him in his place.

He was silent for a moment as he tried to ponder what to ask her next. “What do they call themselves?”

She paused a moment before finding the courage to whisper “*Consortia* …”

“*Consortia* …” he repeated.

She nodded.

“And where can I find this *Consortia*?”

“You don’t find them … they find you.”

He understood the nuance. “So you are not one of them?”

She shook her head. “Not really. When I was in grad school I was approached to be part of a genomic study. I agreed to let some professors do a genetic make-up of me. I guess they noticed something special about me.”

“Something special?”

Just then the waitress arrived with their coffees and the desert menu. She ordered a triple chocolate cheesecake and he ordered *une mille feuilles*.

She waited until the waitress was gone before continuing. “I never tire and never need much sleep. Just a few hours each day. And I have an efficient metabolism. They were curious why … I guess they found their answers.”

“I am a little bit like that too.” He acknowledged

“So they noticed … That’s one of the reasons they matched us together.”

“So why did you come and you know … seduce me?”

“They paid me to do it. If I got pregnant with your child they would give me $ 25,000. If I delivered the baby they would give me another $ 250,000. And they would pay all the costs of raising and home schooling him until he was sixteen.”

“Wow … why the home schooling?” he was curious.

“*Nocturne* doesn’t go to a normal school. He has piano lessons twice a day and also learns his normal schooling.”

“I take it this is the same for your eldest, except its mathematics for him right?”

She nodded. “They were both brought into the world after thirty two weeks, born naturally through induced labour. That is one of the reasons why their I.Q.s are so high. Now they are mentored to excel at their predestined professions.”

“I came into the world early too, and my parents mentored my musical talents.”

She nodded acknowledgement before she continued. “But I can’t say my son’s immune systems are fully developed. That is one of the reasons they are homeschooled. This is to keep them safe from harm.”

“So what is this *Consortia* trying to do, create some super-soldier?”

“Oh no … you’re not listening. Mathematician, musician, biochemist and horticulturalist .... no super-soldiers here! I would never want any of my sons to become soldiers. Which mother would?”

The waitress delivered their deserts and topped up their coffees then left them alone.

“So what is the *Consortia* doing then?” he continued.

“As society crumbles we risk entering another dark age.” She whispered. She enjoyed a mouth full of her triple chocolate cheesecake.

“And when does the *Consortia* consider this may happen?”

“They think it has already begun. Looks what is happening around the world.”

“It seems to me what we see around the world is the same old … same old …”

She shrugged. “Well … at the very least my sons will be well looked after.”

“And where does that leave you and I?” he asked Evette.

“I guess we shall have to fend for ourselves, won’t we?” She had finished her cheesecake. He hadn’t even touched his mille feuille.

She looked at her watch. “I only have a few minutes to spare then I must go.”

“Will I see you again?”

“Only if they needed another piano player …” she said haughtily.

He frowned.

She took this as her queue to leave. She tossed her serviette onto her empty plate. "Don't worry about the bill it has all been looked after."

He could not bring himself to stand, nor even to look up at her. In the space of a few hours he had found out he had a son, and now it looked like he would not see the two of them ever again.

She stopped beside him and placed her hand on his shoulder. This reminded him of the first time she had touched him at the *Shanghai Coffee Shop*. He placed his hand atop hers and pressed down.

She pressed back. "I know you love women … and that women adore you. If you want your own son you know what you should do …"

Then she was gone. Then he was once again very much alone.

After a few minutes the waitress came to see how he was doing. He hadn't moved or even touched his coffee or desert.

"Is everything ok?" she asked him.

He turned his head and smiled meekly.

"I recognize you," the waitress said. "You performed last night at the Orpheum.

He nodded sadly.

“I particularly enjoyed your last encore and the little boy who came to play Mendelssohn for you.”

“You were there were you?” He lowered his head.

She nodded. “Listen I got off in a few minutes. Perhaps we can have a cup of coffee together. I would love to chat with you about music. I love Chopin.”

He looked up at her broad hips. A thought came to mind. “Do you like Sole Normandie?”

“Yes … it’s my fav.” She said reaching back and tousled her hair.

He set down his serviette and stood. “I am in room 1102 at the Fairmont Hotel. If you want to chat about music what say you bring the Sole Normandie over?” She started to clear away the table and watched as he walked out of the restaurant.

Less than an hour later they were listening to him playing Chopin on his cd player and were floundering about in each other’s arms. Then onto *Deo gratias.*

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